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D E M O C R A C Y

AND OTHER POEMS

AND

T H E S E A S E R P E N T

A COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS

BY

WILLIAM MILL BUTLER

11



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

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DEDICATION

MY DEAR "HELEN IRENE":

Every soul born into this world is entitled to the expression of the best that is in him or her. Here are a few of the songs and rhymes and effusions which have come to me as part of my being.

They were written, as you know, from time to time, during golden moments snatched from more exacting labors, and are here because they demanded utterance. Such as they are, I dedicate them to you and give them to the world, at your urging and with your sweet smile of encouragement.

Yours with undying affection,

"MILL."

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DEMOCRACY
AND OTHER POÉMS

DEMOCRACY

GREAT mother of a new-born race,
All earth shall be thy dwelling place;
Democracy, thy holy name
Shall set the continents aflame,
Shall thrill the islands of the sea,
And keep thy children ever free.

From God's eternal universe
Shalt thou remove the primal curse
Which man upon his fellow-man
Imposed since first the world began;
Away with slaves, deprived of rights,
And lily-fingered parasites!

For thus the new-world purpose we
Can, step by step, unfolded see:
Columbus sailed, at God's behest,
From lands by wicked kings oppressed—
His messenger, to search the earth
And find the place for Freedom's birth.

Then rose heroic Washington,
With many another dauntless son,
Whose spirit, caught beyond the blue,
Encompassed France, and Europe, too,
Until the purpose of the Lord
Was plainly written with the sword.

Out of it all—Democracy!
The final word of God's decree,
To carry out His sacred plan
Of peace on earth, good will to man.
Therefore, arise, ye people, sing
This heaven-born and glorious thing!

[*For musical settings, opinions and prize offer,
see appendix.*]

IKRABIBI: OR, THE PALACE OF
PLEASURE

Let us dance a Pyrrhic measure,
While we sing of human pleasure,
Pleasure young, ecstatic, wild,
Such as every mortal child,
Sent to dwell upon this sphere,
By the Fates is crowned with here.
His power to gratify,
Every sense to satisfy;
His the power to join the throng
(Free the dance and loud the song),
With no other thought but this,
As concerning earthly bliss:
God of Ease, oh, capture us,
With thy pleasures rapturous.

I

Amid wonderful bowers,
With white-visioned towers,
See our palace arise,

Under bluest of skies,
Over terraces green,
With their velvety sheen.

Fish and swan are a-pond,
And the birds on the boughs,
And the fawn just beyond,
With their mothers a-browse.
Oh, the capering fawn,
On the velvety lawn!

And the flapping of wings
Now a messenger brings:
Come, alight, turtle-dove,
With your message of love,
For the morning is breaking,
Aurora is dancing,
The sun is awaking,
And toward us he's glancing.

Pearly drops of heavenly dew,
Glistening gems of rainbow hue,
Scatter, scatter o'er the lawn,
Sprinkle fur of capering fawn.

Drink, drink, ye stately trees,
Kissed by the morning breeze
Dawn's loving-cup for you
Pours dew of pearly hue,
Upon each thirsty leaf——
Oh, sip the nectar brief.

But what of these scenes which our eyes thus meet,
Beautiful they, but incomplete;
Something is void though enchantment chain
Eden, fair Eden, to earth again.

Sight, greatest gift divine,
Sight no longer should be mine,
If the fates had not decreed
That this instant, with all speed,
On my gladsome vision bursting,
She for whom my soul is thirsting,
She should now be seen,
She, my love serene.

From marble portals tall,
Out from the parian hall,
Roameth she, all white and pure,
With her seven maids demure,
Softly tripping, lightly laughing,
All go, innocently chaffing,
To the limpid morning bath—
Fairer form no goddess hath.

Stay, stay, delightful one!—but, no,
I must not speak so soon—go, go;
Like shining ivory glistening, glide,
And plunge into th' expectant tide.

Sweet Aphrodite, seeking the sea,
Her tremulous native sea,
Was never more charming, ah, me, ah, me,
Was never more charming, ah, me.

And old Father Ocean, in blue expanse,
With gray dripping beard, essays a dance,
Beyond that coppice there,
Where bloom exotics rare.

II

Myriads of blossoms, here unfolding,
Longer not their wealth of perfume holding,
Incense sweet upon the ambient air
Prodigally scatter everywhere,
For my queen, who goeth forth attended,
Like Diana, by her maids defended.

Oh, voluptuous aroma,
Drive me not to pallid coma:
I breathe thee too greedily,
Come not so speedily,
Or I shall faint,
With longing faint,

And, longing, die a death of ling'ring sweetness,
Aye, like the blossoms in their rich completeness.

I sink beside this bed of asphodel,
And phantasies my brain to bursting swell,
Of ylang-ylang, of patchouli
Which stirreth up love unruly;
Of musk and attar of roses—
In each one a houri reposes.
I faint, I weep,
I fall asleep,
And dream a dream absurd
About a wicked bird:

Ikrabibi, Ikrabibi,
Ghoulisb bird, oh, Ikrabibi,
Vast thy darkling wings—
 Nothing more I see;
Hid are earthly things,
 Blankest blank to me.
Hark! that hollow sound
In his voice profound,
Mocks me, thrills me;
Mocks me, chills me,
Like a gibbering sprite,
Like a wraith of night,
Like a haunted soul
From the Southern pole,
Like a Peri's cries
Before Paradise:
 "Ikrabibi!
 Ikrabibi!"
Tell us, tell us,
Is he jealous?
 "Ikrabibi!
 Ikrabibi!"

III

"Cease thy plaint, oh, Ikrabibi,
Envious, envious Ikrabibi!"

Thrillingly,
Like the lightning leaping through æons of gloom,
Celestially,
Sounded her voice in pronouncing his doom.

Ikrabibi: Or, the Palace of Pleasure

Gone is the shadowy thing,
Gone is his shadowy wing;
The spell is broken,
No longer choken,
I awake, I bound, I rejoice,
For at last I have heard her voice—
Her marvellous, sweetsome trills,
Like the laughs of a thousand hills,
Calling to me, her lover,
As she roameth the woodland over:

“Oh, lover mine, gaze not on my blushes,
For unto my head the mad blood rushes;
My bosom heaves with a maiden’s emotion,
It longeth for thee, like the waves of the ocean.
Where, where,
On earth, in air,
Art thou abiding?
Where art thou hiding?

“The resonant bells are ringing with might,
The guests are gathering in the hall,
For, love, this is our nuptial night—
’Tis I, betrothed one, I call.”

Sweet bells, sweet bells,
So musically pealing,
Right merrily each tells, retells,
What love is now revealing.
Swing high,—swing low—
For she loveth me;
Swing high,—swing low—
Oh, happy, happy me!

Democracy

No rumbling, no mumbling,
No sullen grumbling—
No Ikrabibi!
Envious Ikrabibi!
But joy, joy, joy,
Shall burst from each brazen throat;
Joy, joy, joy,
Its only jubilant note.

And between the glorious ringing—
Merry interlude!—
Cometh a chorus singing,
Dancing and joy-imbued,
Praising now the many graces
Of my queen, with laughing faces.

I haste to clasp her in mine arm,
To greet her there with kisses warm;
But they turn, they point, still singing love's ob-
session,
They bear her in triumph away, they deny me
possession.

And as they fly with bride thus captured,
The bells their tale still ringing,
The lithesome maidens singing,
Dame Nature lends her voice enraptured;
Her woodland warblers somehow gain
The secret, and in sweet refrain,
Sing of mating,
Of love unabating.

Ikrabibi: Or, the Palace of Pleasure

Surely the birds will burst their throats,
Trying to utter a million notes;
Heaven and earth and sea and air
In mighty chorus commingle there.

And the hunter's horn, tra-la, now knocks,
With its echoes torn from a thousand rocks;
And the trumpet's blare, in the vanguard,
boasts

Of the glory of advancing hosts;
Of processions of horses and chariots laden with
treasure,
Great warriors and other guests, for the Palace of
Pleasure.

Thus, in the ante-chamber of the night,
Amid the general tumult of rejoicing,
I see, I breathe, I hear, with mad delight,
While their acclaim the wedding-guests are
voicing.

And in the gloaming,
Lightly roaming,
Piping Pans and dancing Fauns
Drive the deer from velvet lawns;
And the dryads,
And the naiads,
In the dell
The chorus swell.

But, hark, upon the air is stealing
A fairy wedding march;
The bridal twain are kneeling
Beneath the floral arch.

Hark! the larksome bridal serenade,
By Dame Nature's orchestras in unison;
Hark! the minstrels in the woodland shade
Join in tuneful tourney while the moon
is on.

IV

Then, ho, to the banquet hall,
Ye guests, both great and small,
Where savors of viands our nostrils assail—
The palate is king, the palate all hail!

The tables a-glitter with silver and gold,
With fleeciery linen and chinaware old,
And showers
Of flowers,
And mountains of food,
And of drinkables a flood.

The revellers soon are seated free,
According to high and low degree.
Bubbling fountains odors throw,
With the waters in their flow;
Gently-breathing melodies,
Ah, sublime,
Keeping time,
With the fountains' fall and rise,
Whisper low of paradise.

Ikrabibi: Or, the Palace of Pleasure

And out of the corridors,
Rushing servitors:
Bearing aloft goodly dishes,
Everything that an epicure wishes;
Enjoyment floods a sea of busy faces
Which the long row of festal tables graces.

Wines of Tokay, wines of Gaul,
Wines Falernian, drinking all;
Even the priest who sayeth grace
Now is growing a rubicund face.

The wedding-guests are eating,
Courses e'er repeating,
Till gustatory nerves with pleasure sing:
This is eaters' heaven and palate is king.

High seated, the bride and bridegroom seem
Transported in long ambrosial dream;
Quaffing immortal nectar there,
Eating love's food as light as air:
Listening now for the dulcet strain
Of the melody lost and found again,
'Mid the rise and fall

Of conversation
And cachination,
In the festal hall—
Smiling upon the happy throng,
Which roareth back from the tables long;
Thanking them for their merry toasts,
Their merry wishes and merry boasts,
Their boisterous acclaim
Of bride and bridegroom's name.

But, ah, me, once more that knell,
In the languor by th' asphodel:

“Ikrabibi!

Ikrabibi!”

Wicked bird,
Dream absurd.

'Twas but a momentary pain,
'Twas needless apprehension;
The bridegroom is himself again—
Come, love, your sweet attention.

I clasp her hand—exquisite feeling!
Farewell, ye revellers below;
She bids me come, her charms revealing—
Farewell, ye revellers, we go!

V

As when snowy angels, heavenward winging,
To the blest abodes a soul are bringing,
So this mortal bowerward is carried
By the blushing queen whom he hath married.

Draw, draw thy curtains, Night,
Draw, draw thy curtains tight,
Soon beneath the darkened moon,
In our chamber we shall swoon;

Many kisses,

Many blisses,

On our trembling lips shall rise,
This, oh, this, is paradise.

But why on the threshold this ancient dame,
Calling familiarly me by name?
This ancient dame, with ghostly stare,
Whispering darkly, "Youth, beware!"

Quickly her witch's wand extended,
Smiteth the marble floor;
Hell, with its unclean mouth distended,
Gapeth with angry roar:

"Revel, revel, every devil;
Every devil, revel, revel!
For puissant Ikrabibi!
Cometh now, great Ikrabibi!"

Shut down, shut down the lid,
And let the sight be hid—
For my bride is calling,
Deliriously calling;
She beckoneth above,
The apotheosis of love.

I fear not man nor devil—
Youth, health and strength are mine;
The meaning of your revel
I care not to divine;
I only know that in there she is calling,
Her passionate voice rising and falling—
My bride, whom with mad endeavor,
The fiends from me would sever.

My sword, my faithful sword,
With thee, I speak the word:
All hell I here defy,
Intrepid I draw nigh!

Here I swear that yonder portal
I shall force, though hand immortal
Bar my way to bower elysian—
That is firmly my decision;
Though a thousand times I rue it,
Here I swear that I shall do it!
Though the faintness of the garden,
With its musk and odors nardin,
Find me, bind me, like a siren,
Bind me as with grip of iron,
Yet with lastmost breath, dead-seeming,
I shall strive to find her, dreaming,
Her, my love, who calleth,
Where her voice low falleth,
Waileth,
Faileth.

Yea, and though, by fancy painted,
Many imps, with features tainted,
Foul and reeking with decay,
Should burst forth from parian portal,
And for this distracted mortal
Seek, with flames, to bar the way;
Though my bride herself should, learning
All in vain her love is burning,
Hate me and, to vulture turning,
Tear this heart from quiv'ring breast,

Yet I swear, all horrors braving,
I should cry, with passion raving,
Love my love, my soul now saving,
Hear the prayer of love distressed.

“Ikrabibi!
Ikrabibi!”

Mocking fiend, with wings so darkling,
Mocking fiend, with eyes ill-sparkling,
Ikrabibi's voice of thunder
Shall not tear our love asunder!

Thrice I smote, with sword uplifted,
Now the portal, parian portal,
Crying, Oh, that clouds were rifted,
And the truth from lies were sifted:
Open, open, parian portal!

“Ikrabibi!
Ikrabibi!”

Blackest night there yawned before me,
Wrath and vengeance onward bore me
Into maw of parian portal,
Maddened, fate-defying mortal,
Till I fell, with senses reeling,
Body numb, bereft of feeling—
Then, beneath the shuddering moon-wing,
On my couch, alone, I'm swooning.

“Ikrabibi!
Ikrabibi!”

And a thousand echoes mocking
Linger on the air and, shocking,
Yea, my very reason rocking,
On my swooning ears now fall,
These despairing words now fall:

“Fool! wouldst capture
Phantom Pleasure,
Wouldst, in rapture,
Own this treasure?
Know that she is Ikrabibi,
Tantalizing Ikrabibi,
All-despising Ikrabibi!”

BEACHWOOD DAYS

I'll sing you no ambitious lays
Of war and war's alarms;
My song shall be of Beachwood days
And Beachwood's many charms.

Thrice now has the diurnal orb
Described the rounded year,
Since first fair Beachwood did absorb
The flying seasons here.

It seems but yesterday, indeed,
Like twinkling eyes a few;
Since here our pioneers decreed
A budding life-place new.

Beachwood Days

All hail to him who broke the ground
And with a wizard's touch
Made inn and lodge and club abound—
The shelters needed much.

Who decked the beach with comforts rare,
With seats and hammocks, too;
Who built the little bowers where
Romance could bill and coo.

Whose rustic fences spanned the height
By silver-powdered walks,
Where, in the sunshine, pure and bright,
Resound our laughs and talks.

The pine-wood's dormant days were o'er
When Mayo * came to plan;
He placed a crown upon this shore,
This new Aladdin man.

But come, let us salute him now,
In all his modest worth,
Then on the yellow hill-top's brow
Revert to mother earth.

Come tread th' awak'ning turf with me,
Where high banks kiss the bay;
The sweet arbutus trailing see—
The laurel's blossomed spray.

* Bertram C. Mayo, who, under the auspices of the New York *Tribune*, founded beautiful Beachwood among the Pines, on the Toms River arm of Barnegat Bay.

Democracy

Spring-time in Eden never gave
A rarer fair delight;
The spreading pine and dancing wave
Acclaim the winsome sight.

The mosses from their winter nap,
The scrub-oak and the vine;
The cedar with its nodding cap,
All lovingly entwine.

The balmy breezes from the blue,
Where roll and swash the waves,
Invigorate our lungs anew—
Oh, happy city slaves!

And some there are who love the sands
Upon thy shores so fair,
Who stoop with eager, busy hands
To pick thy pebbles rare;

While 'mid the reeds of Barnegat
The wild-fowl sport and play—
Ye cawing crows, ye fish-hawks, scat!
And do not spoil our day!

Dear to our hearts the blue-jay's shrill,
The Bob White's spoken song;
The brown thrush, and the whippoorwill
When twilight creeps along.

Beachwood Days

But, hark! yon strangely vibrant pool
With clarion notes is filled;
Our frogs at evening singing-school
Hold ev'ry hearer thrilled.

Pan's pipe itself could not surprise
Us more in marsh or bogs
Than the odd ah-ha's which arise
From the assembled frogs.

Aye, let them sing, till soon adrowse,
Our sleeping-porch within,
We dream of softly mooching cows
With faces all agrin;

We dream of coming masquerades,
Of cavemen and of clowns;
Of mandarins, Scheherezades,
And red-faced imps with frowns.

Till, lo! 'Tis morn and o'er the lawn
The cottontails now hop,—
And nibbling deer and gentle fawn,—
To taste our garden crop.

But what of that? To see them skip
Makes joyous living here;
We prize the boon companionship
Of rabbit, squirrel and deer.

How like a photo-drama race
The scenes before our eyes;
Now spring in summer's sweet embrace,
'Mid lingering perfume, dies.

And summer reigns in sweltering mood;
July and August bring
The regulation Jersey brood,
With here and there a sting.

But what of that! When, with a cheer,
We splash in cooling swirls,
And lead a life aquatic, here,
With lovely summer girls.

Meantime the earth, well tilled, brings forth,
And gardens bloom and glow;
Each tiller finds new pleasure, worth
His perspiration's flow.

And thus the hours of summer dance
Their merry lives away,
While grasshoppers and beetles chance
Upon their food each day.

Each tiny, thoughtless prodigal,
Feasting from morn till night,
Stops only now and then to call
And chirp his keen delight.

Beachwood Days

Happy each bungalow peeps out
From shaggy clumps of pines;
Neater than wax, within, without,
Till all of Beachwood shines.

Her sand-waves in the wooded green
Glisten as pure as snow,
The rival of a winter scene
In summer's genial glow.

See how the welcome showers gush
And dance, 'mid lightnings mild;
The thunder soon comes to a hush
Before it scares a child.

And on the bay a hundred sail
And motorcraft flit by;
The Commodore leans o'er the rail
To cast a tempting fly.

And fish and crab and clams galore
The fishermen lure out;
The lazy loungers on the shore
Put many more to rout.

And summer comes and summer goes,
With Palm-Beach suit and hat;
Lawn tennis claims the maids and beaux;
They play and court and chat—

Democracy

Until the moon in silver writes
Love-poems o'er hills and dales;
There's dancing at the Club these nights,
And merriment prevails.

Nor is due reverence denied
To sentiment profound;
The meeting-doors are open wide
When Sabbath rolls around.

And here, 'mid songs and music good,
Forgot are creeds outworn;
We only know that Brotherhood
Must soon be newly born.

But time rolls by on speeding wings—
Soon summer's heyday wanes,
Until the breath of autumn brings
The pumpkins, corn and grains.

The meek red-berried wintergreen
All through the woods is sown;
The huckleberry pie is seen,
Right here in Beachwood grown.

The blue-jay's bell-tone deeper grows,
Up in the fragrant pines;
The curling smoke from chimney blows—
Each day makes short declines.

Beachwood Days

Fall-time is creeping on the scene,
With changes manifold;
The shrubs assume a crimson sheen,
And some a cloth of gold.

For sly Jack Frost hides in the woods,
To paint the hectic glow
Of autumn's many dying moods,
Before he brings the snow.

The little pearls on cedar boughs
Burst into jewelled view;
All other evergreens arouse
Themselves to splendors new.

The beach-plum now is gathered in,
With other products wild;
The bayberry, on branches thin,
In Quaker garb so mild.

And cranberries and holly here
Camp on their native heaths;
They bring us thoughts of Christmas cheer
And pretty Christmas wreaths.

Dear Beachwood, must we close the book
Until another spring?
Then on thy waving flag we'll look
And hail it as we sing.

For, lo, the annual exodus
Begins on Labor Day;
The youngsters strive for prizes, thus
To crown the finished stay.

Like mummers at the masquerade
We humans now must go—
Like birds of passage, overstayed,
While urging breezes blow.

Hushed are the waters by the sea,
And in the marshy bog;
We'll turn the lock and leave the key
With Julius and his dog.

Then come the legions musical
To close old Autumn's sway,
A swan-song in each little shell
Devoted to decay.

Infinitesimal madrigals,
Dirges in miniature;
What tender odes and parting calls!
What elegies demure!

The cricket and his merry wife,
In sobered chirps, declare
The vanity of insect life
When all the fields are bare.

Beachwood Days

The katydid staccatoes, too,
Her fears from bursting heart,
That wintry days may soon be due—
That summer friends must part.

And so it is with larger folks,
Even with you and me
Whose voice with melancholy chokes
At nature's stern decree.

Upon the ground brown matted hair,
With green boughs overhead;
Oh, curled-up oak leaves, grasses bare,
Why is the earth so dead?

I never knew that anything
Could be as chill as this,
When wintry winds with dirges bring
The Frost-king's pallid kiss.

But what of that? Our hopes remain,
Our faith and love thrice blessed,
For sweetest flowers bloom again
At nature's fair behest.

Beachwood, farewell! a parting sigh
Re-echoes through the haze;
Till gentle spring again draws nigh,
Farewell, dear Beachwood days!

BEGGARS: A RHAPSODY

"Beggars! Beggars! Beggars!"

Thus the great man berated us:

In an uncontrollable outburst from his agitated interior

He denounced us as beggars.

Let us commune; let us take counsel,

Let us see what is a beggar:

One who asks alms,

One who asks favors,

One who supplicates,

One who fawns,

One who entreats humbly,

One who bows low and invites kicks,

One who humbles himself before his masters,

One who prostrates himself for a crust,

One who crawls upon his belly for the husks wherewith to fill it—

Lazarus at Dives' table:

Homer, aged and blind, holding out his hand:

Belisarius asking alms:

Blind ones and maimed ones, in all the ages,

Now placarded in the surging streets,

Mute, expectant, patient, marvellous.

Whoof! what a resounding whack from the Great One.

Even as these lowly outcasts are we in his estimation.

Beggars! How shall we hurl back this contemptuous epithet—

Beggars: A Rhapsody

How effervesce the vials of our indignation?
And yet—shadows of the eternal verities!—
If, peradventure, this thing should be true?
Suppose we were—suppose we are—beggars?

Oh, deathless song, freighted with limpid waters
from the fountain of Truth,
Become impregnated with my meaning—
Become pellucid and clear to the understanding.

Beggars! Have we not all been beggars—we, the
toilers and the moilers—

From the days when we were first enslaved—
Aye, enslaved, by the mightier and more cunning
ones?

The great man spoke of us slightly, sneeringly,
And a Fool in Motley (a very useful fool) uncovers
his words

And would place him in the pillory.
Nevertheless the great man spoke truly,
Even though it was in a moment of political aber-
ration—

For we have been beggars, oh, my brothers,
And we are beggars at this moment which dieth in
the hour-glass.

Oh, Fool in Motley, cannot you see the hollowness
of your reproach?

For the Exalted One but followed the unconscious
cerebration of his brain:

Unguardedly his tongue spake wisdom.

Ye reverberating years, jostling each other against
the wheels of Time,

Bear witness that he spake truly.
Beggars and robbers—into these was the world di-
vided from the beginning;
Beggars and robbers—into these is humanity
moulded to-day.
The blessed green earth is ready to nurse all her
children,
Yet countless millions are torn from her dugs to
perish wretchedly.

Beggars! Hollow and doleful, like the cry of the
lone dog on his death-watch,
Echoes the word against the crags of the ages.
When Esau bartered his birth-right, that he might
live, we were beggars;
When Israel sighed in the wilderness for the flesh-
pots of Egypt, we were beggars;
When India laid her tawny millions upon the altars
of Famine, we were beggars;
When the black slaves first felt the lash of their
pitiless masters, we were beggars;
Even unto the days of industrial slavery, we are
beggars.

We, the toilers, have begged, entreated, humbly pe-
titioned;
And occasionally we have ceased begging:
Occasionally a blind, desperate fury hath seized us—
Do you remember in what year the Bastile fell?

Beggars! The great Church embroiders her gar-
ments with them—
The nether hem of her purple robes—

Beggars: A Rhapsody

As she sweeps majestically by.
They fringe her princely edifices of worship;
They crowd the approaches, hat in hand,
With staves, with bandages, with sores unhealed and eloquent.
It is grandiose, oh, Church, to drop pennies to the festering multitude:
Thy charity and piety shall be duly advertised,
For there is great profit in beggars.

And like unto them even are we.
Doth not the rich man also ease his conscience with us?
With hero medals (not for the starving), with libraries, with hospitals—
Even with Foundations and Universities,
In which to teach the gospel of robbery.
They would appease the beggars—
With largess from our kings, the industrial lords of all—
The filchers of marrow from our bones;
Behold them, smug in their stolen power of giving—
This giving of our substance, oh, toilers!
Some even prate of the desirableness of dying poor,
Of envying the end of us beggars.
Sacredly, however, they will be found guarding the principal
Which, with the aid of other robbers, they primarily wrested from us,
Grinding all of us, murdering some of us, to gain possession.

And shall the largess of these malefactors wipe out
the crimson stains?

Shall we be deceived by their giving and our begging?

By the giving of others like unto them?—

Vultures who purchase immunity with holy
bribes?—

Hyenas who erect altars for ready absolution?

Let us arise like men and not slaves—

Let us say: We, the beggars, here abjure beggary
forever.

Let us declare: We have foolishly cried for crusts,
When we should have demanded our rights,
And not having received our rights, we shall take
them now—

Not as robbers, but as the robbed, coming into their
own.

Tremble, oh, robbers, that we, the beggars, longer
refuse to beg;

That we refuse longer to live in blindness, in ignorance,
in ox-like vacuity,

Content with the husks while ye hoard up the
substance;

Content with rags while ye flaunt the fine-spun linen
in the faces of our loved ones, the spinners.

Even as King Cophetua exalted the beggar maid,
So shall these spinners be exalted, but not by you,
oh, robbers.

There is a greater and a juster even than King
Cophetua:

He shall hear their prayers and lift up the despised
and lowly.

Beggars: A Rhapsody

It is enough, oh, kings of the earth!
We have built your pyramids and begged;
We have fought your battles and begged;
We have conquered the elements for you, and
begged;
We have tilled your fields, like beasts of burden—
Brothers to the ox, as beloved Markham tells in
words imperishable;
We have descended into the clefts of the earth to
bring up diamonds and gold—
We have slaved and begged, but it is enough!

Glorify to us, fat divines, no longer the delights
of poverty,
Or the bliss of the hereafter for those who starve
in the name of religion.
Thunder not how necessary it is for us to lick the
hand which feeds us.
We know the hand which feeds all.
It is not fat and swollen with softness.
It is not lined with lines of luxury and lechery:
It is gnarled and fissured and hard and torn and
bleeding—
That is the hand which feeds all—
That is the hand which shall cease to beg—
That is the hand which shall surely come into its
own.

For tremulous with light in the East is the new
dawn:
Let us arise, oh, my brothers, as it breaks and floods
us with beatific glory.

Democracy

Industrial slaves shall see it and shake off their
chains;
Human cattle shall see it and burst their mute
bondage.
Come to the glory-feast, oh, Edwin Markham,
You who first seared the world with the fire of
our agony;
You who loved us, and pitied us, and warned our
oppressors—
You shall be first upon the Mountain of Joy:
For the glorious day is not far away—it is break-
ing—
Its soft, luminous light is bursting into flame over
the hill tops—
Over the huts and the quarries,
Over the mines and the factories,
Over the whirring sweatshops,
Over the hospitals and the graves of the martyrs.

And in the beneficent light of this new day
We shall be new men and women and children;
Beggars and robbers shall melt away,
Like icicles, from the social fabric.
Then shall the great man's words be truly an-
swered;
Then shall the Fool in Motley become speechless
with astonishment,
For, lo, there shall be a new heaven upon a new
earth—
Robberless and beggarless.

ABDICATION DAY

Lords of men, lords of men,
Throw your scepters far away;
Seize the pen, seize the pen—
This is abdication day!

Cast aside, cast aside,
Crowns and royal purple all;
Totter here, totter there—
Read your doom upon the wall.

Drop a tear, drop a tear,
For your dream of rights divine;
Ready now, steady now—
Drink your own self-poisoned wine.

Farewell kings, stupid things!
Own ye now the people's sway?
One last look—close the book—
This is abdication day.

THE KEEPER OF THE KINE

The weary sun, low glancing,
Had slowly crept to bed;
The moon and stars were dancing
And reigning in his stead.

The air seemed filled with gladness,
And peace seemed everywhere;
There seemed no room for sadness,
And none for carking care.

So I, a youth romantic,
Went forth to serenade,
Outrigged in costume antic,
Alone and unafraid.

Arrayed in cap and feather,
And things like Romeo's,
A cape for stormy weather,
And shoes with pointed toes.

I ne'er had had a Juliet,
But now I wanted one;
I ne'er had been a fool yet
With lover's motley on.

"Ho, ho," I cried, "ye mountains
And valleys bathed in light,
Ye everlasting fountains
Of lovers' pure delight,

The Keeper of the Kine

"Behold for wooing ready,
With mandolin I come;
Guide me with love-light steady
To find my girl at home.

"And be she in a tower,
Or in a hovel low,
I'll make her own the power
Of lover's heart aglow."

Beneath the moon I rambled,
O'er many hills and dales;
Now 'mongst the sheep I ambled,
Now 'mongst the kine in vales.

The shepherds all were thinking,
In dreams, of Phyllis true;
The dairymen were drinking,
In dreams, the health of Prue.

And I, my quest rewarded,
Too, found my lady fair;
A lamp her slumbers guarded
Upon the cottage stair.

And there I sang my ditty,
And twanged my modern lute;
I sang—but more's the pity,
I wished I had been mute;

For like a Bull of Bashan
Her kinsman strong came out,
Resenting my invasion
With many an angry shout.

At first, with marrow frozen,
I stood and trembled thus;
And then, in words well chosen,
I said, amid the fuss:

"No other thought but kindness
For thee and thine was mine;
Then why misunderstand me,
O, Keeper of the Kine?"

At that, with sudden fury,
He fell upon me there;
He seemed my judge and jury
And smote me everywhere.

He chased me o'er the meadow,
He threw me in the pool,
And when I was near dead, oh,
I heard him say: "You fool!

"No other thought but kindness
For thee and thine is mine;
Pray, don't misunderstand me—
I'm Keeper of the Kine."

AFTER THE VERDICT

Argument—A beautiful woman is accused of poisoning her husband; her lover testifies against her at the trial, but the jury renders a verdict of acquittal. Thereupon, her soliloquy.

Oh, Jury, Jury, what a sweet sound has this word,
Jury;
Yet how bitterly I hated you yesterday,
When you held my life in the balance,
When you looked stern and cruel at every wile of
mine:
But to-day you have come around to my way of
thinking—
To-day I love you—I could kiss you—every one of
you!

And yet, now that you have given me back this
life—
This remnant of feminine existence—
What shall I do with it?

Was it worth the game for me to shun death?
Death! When I think of him who lies buried—
When I think of him in his final agony,
Shrieking for mercy, enduring the bitterest pangs,
Glaring at me with his terrible eyes
As I placed his head upon a pillow—
Strong as a lion in his last mad convulsions!

Oh, Jury, Jury, Jury—
Perhaps it had been better you had not acquitted
me;
For a cowardice worse than death steals over me,
Takes possession of me as I think.

Where shall I go—what do—to escape those terrible eyes?
Shall I fly to my paramours and smother them with
feigned kisses?
Shall I wanton with prodigals and bring them to
the husks?
Shall I forgive him—the basest of them—the wretch
Who would have delivered me to the common hang-
man?
Shall I seek oblivion in drink, in opium, in cocaine?
Shall I enter the haunts of vice and defy all de-
cency?—
Living, breathing, eating, drinking, with all my
senses,
Yet dead—oh, dead—at heart?

Tell me, oh, my peers, what would you do?
Yield to a fierce desire to kill everybody?
Drink, swagger, swindle, rob, steal?
Run amuck, right up against Society,
Until Society shot you down like dogs,
Shot you down and so ended a mutual misery?

After the Verdict

You are mute, abashed, oh, my Jury—
Your pale, trembling lips fail to answer—
You look with staring eyes at the same horrid ob-
ject which I see,
And half articulate you begin to frame excuses—
But you shall not utter them!
Hold, hold, hold, I say!
I'll stop my ears—I'll run away—you cannot de-
tain me!
Cannot? Ah, of course, you cannot.
Being once acquitted, I am safe, I am free!

Free from the wrath of man, and of God—
Free from the wrath of God?
Oh, merciful Saviour, Thou who didst pardon once
The thief upon the cross—
If I knew—if I knew—if I knew—
That by falling here upon my poor knees,
By kissing Thy feet as the sinner did of old,
By imploring Thee with all my power of being,
For pardon—not in brazen defiance, but humble—
Not in bold shamelessness, asking the favors of men,
Begging a sordid and worthless boon of existence—
But kissing Thy feet in the lowliest and humblest
of sorrow—
Begging for that pardon which only Thou canst
give to the contrite,
Consecrating my poor forfeit body—
Consecrating my poor human endeavor—
To Thee in token of atonement—Ah, if I knew!—

Oh, God made manifest, pardon me, see, I am
humble!
As I kneel, write anew in the sand a long time.
Then slowly raise Thy head in the majesty of forgiveness,
Look around and behold if any shall say me nay.
Even those terrible eyes may then soften their stony
judgment—
Even the sounds of his dying agony may then fade
into whispers of pardon.
Then shall I kiss Thy feet, again, again, and again.
Then shall I go and promise to sin no more.

EPHEMERIS

She rose in beauty when the sun
Sipped nectar in the eastern sky,
But, ah, her little life was run
Ere all the founts of day were dry.

I loved her for her beauteous form,
Her ruby lips, enchanting eyes;
I longed to shield her from the storm,
But she disdained all mortal ties.

They laid her not in cold, cold earth—
That fate was left, alas, for me;
She owed the skies her airy worth,
And stayed for none below, nor me.

Night smiles upon the mountains bare,
And shakes her crown of diadems;
Night's daughters clasp her over there,
All numbered with the starry gems.

The cold winds beat upon my breast,
My fancy sees her when the moon
Climbs up with love-lorn swains to jest,
And then I dream of rosy June.

I dream and dream of what was then,
And all my life seems as a day,
Till voices weird behaunt the glen
And fright the traveler on his way.

Come, cooling night-wind, come, fond breeze,
And mingle with my jarring sighs;
Or, sighing softly through the trees,
Temper my moaning and my cries.

Too well, too well, I loved the child
Of one-day beauty, heaven-born;
But still my heart beats high and wild
For her, my vanished dream of morn,

Who rose in beauty when the sun
Sipped nectar in the eastern sky,
And, ah, whose little life was run
Ere all the founts of day were dry.

THE PARSON'S RIDE

Funny name for the little 'un, eh, stranger? Wall,
Baptis' John is rather queer, I'll allow, for a gal.
But come, tie your horse and sit down here awhile,
And I'll tell you about that 'ere chit of a chil',
While she's rompin' around us, from log unto log,
A-playin' hide'n' seek with her lazy old dog.

On a cold winter's night, not so durned long ago—
It is pretty nigh onto six years, p'rhaps, though—
There knocked at the preacher-man's door suthin'
rough,

A grizzled gold-miner, loud, sinful and tough
As they make 'em in these here wild diggin's, but
now

For once he seemed broken in spirits, I'll 'low,
And the tears down his nose wuz a-stealin' quite
free,

Or else 'twas the frost, for his eyes couldn't see
Till he wiped them and wiped them, again and
again.

He stood coughin' and clearin' his throat—so—and
then,

“Little Parson,” at last he spoke up, “there's a job
A-waitin' for you down at Kingfisher's Knob;
For the babe is a-dyin' and Mary is wild,
Afore it is dead, you should christen the child.
I'm a tough proposition, and never could see
That christenin's done very much good for me,
But Mary thinks otherwise, praying at home
That afore it's too late with the Parson I'll come.

The Parson's Ride

I wouldn't intrude, if it wa'n't for her sake—
Hers and the babe's which the angels may take."

"But good man," sez the Parson—he was new in
those parts,
With lots o' book-larnin' but the kindest of hearts—
"My church is the Baptis' which doesn't allow
The baptizin' of infants, in no shape, nohow.
'Repent an' believe an' be baptized,' so it's writ;
And then it must be by immersion—that's it—
And how can this babe fill the bill? It's absurd,
And would be in conflict with God's Holy Word.
The child's done no harm, and if so it must die,
I'll warrant its passage right clean through the sky."

"Little Parson," sez Boggs, "them's my sentiments,
too;

That sweet little innocent lamb would slip through
The gates made of pearl—I wish I was as sure
Of a heavenly crown as that angel so pure—
But think of my Mary, who's otherwise taught—
Just think of her, Parson, of the battle she's fought—
And come with me now, and you'll never regret
This slip from your princerpels, never, you bet."

But the Parson, in doubt, stood a-shakin' his head,
"'Tis impossible—tempt me not, man," so he said;
And besides, it was meetin' night in his own church,
And how could he leave his own flock in the lurch?

Now that Boggs was a terror I've hinted afore;
Had he followed his usual course he'd a-swore
And pulled out his pistols all loaded for gore;

But here was a different kind of a balk—
It wasn't no case for no shootin', but talk;
But Boggs was no hand for to argy—then, too,
His Mary was waitin' and prayin' he knew:
So he picked up that Parson like lightning, why,
man,

He yanked him near faintin,' right onto old Nan,
And then up behind him with a bound he went, too,
And over the Parson his great-coat he threw;
Then down through the valley—geewhizz, what a
ride!

The good mare jes' tried to jump out of her hide,
And at last there they landed, all smokin' and sore—
Sore at least was the Parson—by Si Boggs' door.

"Forgive me," sez Boggs, as he hurried him in,
"God knows I don't mean you should do any sin,
But look at my Mary, then say if you choose,
That what her own lips now would ask you'd refuse,
And I'll say nothin' more and cry quits—Parson,
look!

Is there any such argyments found in your book?"

And the Parson, dumbfounded and shaken to bits,
Seemed to lose all control of himself and his wits—
He just sprinkled that child, and ne'er offered to
dip,

And all his objections he just let 'em slip,
And he went through it all, just like one in a dream,
And I wondered that Mary didn't see it and scream,
For he didn' ask no questions, but christened it John:
Then he turned and he borrowed old Nan and was
gone.

The Parson's Ride

And then came the change, and the fever it broke,
And the little 'un rallied and smiled at the joke,
Till Mary and Boggs couldn't help but smile, too,
For John was a gal, as they very well knew.
'Twas too late to chase after the Parson that night;
"If she lives," sez Si Boggs, "I will have it made
right."
And they watched and they prayed—leastwise Mary
did pray—
Till Boggs sez, "She's charming the fever away."
And that infant jest grabbed hold of life and grew
up
Along with that good-natured, lazy old pup.

Did the Parson correct the mistake? Wall, I guess,
And he called her Joan, at her mother's request,
But the joke wouldn't keep, and the nickname it
stuck,
And so Baptis' John is the little 'un's luck.
That's her there, a-rompin'—that's Mary a-sewin'—
And you know who's Boggs; what is that, stranger,
goin'?
Wall, warn't it all queer? But my dear little wife
Will have it that baptizin' saved the child's life.

ACONCAGUA AND THE ANT-HILLS

In dreams the Andese Giant dread
Went rambling one fair day,
To where a hundred ant-hills red
Big and contented lay.

The ant-hills had a heap of pride,
And did not hesitate
Themselves and neighbors, far and wide,
Loud to felicitate.

The ants in their interiors,
To them seemed pretty big,
Although they were inferiors
And only fit to dig.

The grasses of the pampas swayed
As far as they could see,
And to their minds each tiny blade
Was big as any tree.

A fire-fly who winged his flight
Across the mighty plain,
And stopped an hour in the night,
They ne'er forgot again.

And any mouse that passed that way
Had their profound respect;
And how about the ant-bear, eh?
He scared them, I expect.

Aconcagua and the Ant-Hills

When Aconcagua, with a roar,
Now darkened all the sky,
The Judgment Day, the ant-hills swore,
Was surely drawing nigh.

And each unto his neighbor talked
In tones of hoarse distress;
Meanwhile Old Aconcagua walked
Just near them, more or less.

In dreams he went a-courting gay
His lady of the snows,
There where her fair proportions lay
In rockiest repose.

As for the ant-hills, they to him
Were neither here nor there,
And off he tramped, this lover grim,
To find his lady fair.

But scarcely had the thunder of
His heavy foot-steps ceased,
And scarcely had the wonder of
His shadow now decreased,

Than all the ant-hills 'gan to chaff,
And slap their sides and bawl:
"Come back, come back and hear us laugh—
We're not afraid at all!"

THE SILENT ARMY

(A Vision of Labor Day)

What do I see, oh, Labor, leading your bannered
hosts?

It seems like another army—an army of marching
ghosts.

First come the murdered children, from factory
and mine;

What a mute and white procession—there are even
babes in line!

Then come the older victims, on Mammon's altar
slain,

Heroes of pick and shovel who ne'er shall work
again.

And now the white-plague legions come panting
hand in hand—

From closely penned-up quarters, a gallant sweat-
shop band.

And next the gray-haired toilers are crawling into
view—

The aged poor who, dying, no time for dying knew.

Right after them, dear shadows, how many glide
along—

The mothers and their loved ones; a ragged, starv-
ing throng.

The Silent Army

Shall we invoke their voices, as well as noiseless
tread,
And let the gay world listen unto their cries for
bread?

Or see, perhaps, the saddest of all the marchers
bold—
The doubly-dead fair women whose bodies once
were sold?
These with accusing finger—those with accusing
eye—
Behold the shameful picture!—the white slaves
passing by.

And prisoners and martyrs, who died that we might
live,
I see in clanking irons, with nothing more to give.

Pale phalanxes of martyrs, how would the millions
cheer,
Could they behold you marching as I behold you
here.

Is it enough, oh, Labor?—shall we shut out these
ghosts,
The shame of all the ages, the profit-murdered
hosts?

If not enough, the living may teach a lesson, too;
The unemployed, the bread-line, would make a
grand review.

Democracy

Put forth the sick and famished, the would-be
suicide;

The crippled, the evicted, and all the undertide.

The flowers from the meadows up in the deep-blue
sky,

In wintry blasts a-whirling, will soon begin to fly.

Tell this unto the homeless, unto the unemployed,
Then listen to their shouting for liberty enjoyed.

And the pity, oh, the pity, of all this madd'ning
sight:

To think that you, oh, Labor, yourself could set it
right.

Oh, giant, marching giant, why longer wear your
chains,

Which you could snap asunder, if you would use
your brains!

If all the ghostly marchers escorting you to-day,
Could chant one mighty chorus, what would these
marchers say?

Oh, giant, mighty giant, arise, remake the world,
Beneath thy peaceful banners for all of us unfurled.

Declare that greed and grabbing at last have had
their day,

And that all robber systems shall surely pass away.

At the Pierian Spring

Swear by your murdered brothers, in wildly throbbing chords—
We shall have revolution, with ballots for our swords.

AT THE PIERIAN SPRING

The poets all had gathered nigh,
Within the Muses' sacred grove,
With charms of lyre and song on high
Their kinship to the Nine to prove.
There was a throng—
A storm of song—
And, oh, the contest
Lasted long.

Some sang of Jove, the grandiose,
Some sang of Venus passionate;
Some sang of Mars and martial woes,
And some of Furies and their hate.
The Muses smiled—
Each poet went wild,
And deemed himself
The favored child.

And, lo, amid the exultant throng,
A laughter-bringing figure crept;
He, too, would venture on a song,
And while they laughed he blushed and wept.
His feet were bare,

His tangled hair,
Was ruffled by
The midnight air.

He shivered, twanged his broken lyre,
And sang, first low—then unafraid,
Till, glowing with celestial fire,
He proved his kinship! Then he said:
“Oh, Muse, oh, Muse,
Do not refuse
Me now that promised
Pair of shoes.”

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE

Give me faith and my poor wraith
Him shall worship from afar,
Firmly trusting what He saith;
In my soul His guiding star.

Give me hope and I will grope,
From the very gates of hell,
Upward o'er the rugged slope,
To the place where angels dwell.

Give me love and from above
Heaven shall send its sacred choir
(All the world to goodness move),
Breathing with celestial fire.

THE CRY OF THE HORSES

When the city is heavy with silence,
And the night her peace observes,
Save where, grinding and scolding and grumbling,
A trolley-car roundeth the curves,
While the drowsy bells in the steeple
Are telling their midnight beads,
In sorrow for all the sleepers,
In sorrow for evil deeds:
Then cometh the cry of the horses,
The cry of their steel-shod feet,
And they speak to me on my pillow
As they clatter down the street.

Oh, list to the cry of the horses,
The wail of the voiceless horses,
The sobs of the poor, dumb horses,
As they clatter down the street.
They groan in their vale of bondage,
They utter their wail of bondage,
They spell out their tale of bondage,
By the clatter of their feet.

"We have served you well, oh, humans,
For ages, and ages, and ages;
The sum of our service is written
In history, pages on pages.
And now, in the newest of eras,
With the motors at your beck,
Oh, list to our sorrowful pleading,

Take the yoke from off our neck.
And our wheels with the heavy burdens,
Bid them revolve no more—
Clap hands and tell us to scatter
For Horseland's happy shore.

"Faithfully we have served you,
Since history began;
In peace, in war, at all times,
The horse was with the man.
With Pharaoh in the Red Sea,
We buffeted the waves;
In the charge at Balaklava
We shared the Britons' graves;
With Cæsar and his legions
We pranced in triumph, too,
And victor and the vanquished
Rode us at Waterloo.

"Not all of us are stolid
And sodden and dulled with pain:
Some—fleet as the Ukraine charger
Which Mazeppa rode a-plain—
Fly over the laid-out courses,
At the crack of their riders' whips,
And crash in the awful finish,
With quivering mane and lips.
Man is the god we have followed,
In our mute and faithful way—
Man, with his lash and his red spur,
Who is ready to drive and flay.

"This is our true confession,
Though scoffers we do not lack
Who see but the horse in the statue,
Ignoring the man on his back.
They are the fellows who argue
That man is a pitiful fraud,
Whom horses should grab by the collar—
And strew him all over the sod.
Well may we pray that forgiveness
Shall cover this impious crew;
Punish no longer, oh, humans,
Us all for the sins of the few.

"Bid us go journey a-meadow,
Where the skies are so blue and serene;
Where the purling brooks purl forever,
And grasses are juicy and green;
Where the starved and the lame and the wounded
The lashed and the maimed and the old,
Shall all find their punishment ended,
Just as our prophets foretold."
This and much more, say the horses,
With the cry of their steel-shod feet,
When they speak to me on my pillow,
As they clatter down the street.

HELEN IRENE

Helen Irene, Helen Irene,
I'll tell you your fortune:
You're going to be queen;
You're going to be queen,
Helen Irene—

You ask how I know it?
It's plain to be seen.

Helen Irene, Helen Irene,
I've been to the gypsies,
Out there on the green;
And all is serene,
Yes, Helen Irene,
The gypsies they tell me
You're going to be queen.

The queen of what country,
The queen of what people?—
Ah, hear them now ringing
The bells in the steeple.
Light-hearted laughing bells,
Merrily chaffing bells,
Wedding bells!
Wedding bells!
Wedding bells!

For, Helen Irene, Helen Irene,
We're going to be married,
'Tis plain to be seen;
'Tis plain to be seen,
Sweet Helen Irene,
And this heart is your kingdom,
My Helen Irene.
So ring the light-hearted, laughing bells,
The merrily chaffing bells—
Wedding bells!
Wedding bells!
Wedding bells!

KNITTING ON THE TRAIN

I saw a woman knitting on the train,
An aged woman, rather poor and plain,
Yet handsomer by far to me was she
Than any dame of fashion e'er could be,
And o'er her silver head a halo played,
As with her stitches thus her body swayed.
She was knitting, knitting, knitting on the train—
In my mind I see her knitting there again.

Oh, how pleasant and attractive was her mien,
As we bounded past the hills and valleys green;
And how fast her loving, nimble fingers flew,
Now that nearer to a certain place we drew.
She was evidently busy with a thought,
As well as with the hands with which she wrought,
There a-knitting, knitting, knitting on the train—
Yes, I plainly see her knitting there again.

And nimbly flew her fingers, till the ball
Of yarn upon her lap grew very small;
And we felt just like applauding when, at last,
Her loving work was finished good and fast.
Then she caught the merry glances of a child,
And she raised her specs a little while she smiled
And proudly said, while smoothing back her locks,
"There, I've finished the dear boy a pair of socks."

Then she gathered up her bundles and was gone.
She declined our proffered help—she needed none,
For there, broad smiling, at the step, was "Pa";
He kissed her as he cried out, "Hello, Ma!"
And everybody blessed her and was glad,
Because of that great treasure which she had;
And everybody pictured her pure joy
When she should send it to their soldier boy.

THE DREAM-DOG

The dream-dog is a ferocious brute—
A ferocious brute is he!
He gnashes his teeth that drip with gore,
When he's got you up a tree.
But no matter how fierce and dangerous
Is this ugly-looking pup,
You can laugh in your terror and jump right down
And escape—by waking up.

And then when you go to sleep again,
And the autos heave in sight,
And the chauffeurs with their goggle-eyes
Glare at you in your fright;
You can let them do their very worst,
And on horrors fairly sup,
For when they've killed you a dozen times,
You can escape—by waking up.

The Unhappy Dispatch of the Little Father

Should the dream-girl come and laugh at you,
And jilt you to your face;
Should your heart just break and your brain just
crack,
With some terrible disgrace;
And should you rush to suicide,
With one of the guns of Krupp,
And should you be to atoms blown,
You can escape—by waking up.

And the droning bore who thinks out loud,
And the chap who whistles much;
And the maniac who told you so,
And the frightful dun—and such;
You can meet them all with a saintly grin,
As bland as the grin of Wup,
Our Chinese friend—for you foil them all
By simply—waking up.

THE UNHAPPY DISPATCH OF THE
LITTLE FATHER

Must we humans ever cry Oh, God! in our little
tragedies—
As, for example, when a Czar is given his coup-de-
grâce?
Behold him once, adorned with epaulettes and spurs,
Wearing the crown of the Little Father of millions.

And when he appeared before them, like a sun
 blazing at midday,
Bursting with the splendor of his insignias and
 adornments,
Could Rasputin himself have prophesied such a
 downfall?
Nebuchadnezzar, afield on all fours,
Was not a more humiliating figure;
But Nebuchadnezzar recovered, after eating grass,
While Nicholas succumbed to an indigestion of
 bullets.

Oh, it was a fearful thing, that retribution swift
 and final:—
Do we not remember, but a dozen years before,
When the people came to lay their petition before
 him,
Begging for justice and the privilege of being men
 and women?
In wintry snows, row on row, they prayed to him
 as a god,
While demons, visible and invisible, grinned in
 derision;
For they knew what was in his heart and in the
 hearts of his Black Hundreds.
But the multitude bowed low, moving their poor,
 humble lips,
Trusting like children, their sacred Little Father,
When, suddenly, Hell opened its jaws and, at this
 atom's command,
Belched forth a very hailstorm of lead,
Carrying to them the wholesale kiss of death.

The Unhappy Dispatch of the Little Father

Crimson were the snows when the volleys were over,
And the knee-prints of the suppliants were replaced
by puddles of blood.
Hades was gleeful that night; so was the resplendent
Czar of all the Russias.

And need we marvel that the forces of evil, in bitter
irony,
Prepared for the Little Father a similar surprise?
Ha, see him stumble to his execution, his face dis-
torted with anguish—
All the pain that his soul could master at one gulp.
Like a drunkard, embracing a wooden post—
The final milepost of his sorry life—
Behold, he raises his hand; he essays to speak.

Doubtless there were visions in the air at that
moment:
Visions of his lost happiness at Tsarkoe-Selo;
Visions of Siberia, the knout, the clanking chains;
Visions of foul dungeons and murders a millionfold;
Visions of gallows-trees, ripe with human fruit;
Visions of gutters and starving mothers and
children;
Visions of multitudinous favorites, pillaging and
devouring.
But above all, there was the vision of those kneeling
moujiks,
Trying so foolishly to exercise the right of petition.

It was all instantaneous—vivid as lightning.
Perhaps he hungered to say something in abhorrence
of himself;
Or to plead with his executioners for just a word
in extenuation;
To cry for mercy, as did the sheep in those wintry
shambles:
In his craven hallucination he could see them again,
Falling, rising, gasping, when—
Crack! went the rifles of the proletariat;
A short, sharp chorus and a short, sharp shrift.
As in all revolutions, argument was quickly elimi-
nated.
Poetic justice—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a
tooth—was triumphant:
Justice, not only poetic but Mosaic and grim-visaged
as death itself.

For, mark you, kaisers and czarlings of this earth:
You cannot forever trample on the rights of the
people;
They, potentially, are the masters;
Eventually they will sense this and the cry of
democracy will ascend unto heaven.
Therefore, take heed! learn your lesson at the foot
of yon historic post,
Clinging to which the Autocrat of Russia, now but
a worm,
Essayed to speak to his former subjects, when words
failed him utterly.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING

I was grizzled and gray and growing old,
The truth there was no denying;
There wasn't a soul to inherit my gold,
Nor to mourn me were I dying;
So I made a resolve, as I sat there drinking,
To improve the occasion by doing some thinking.

Said I to myself, "You've made a mistake,
In paddling your own canoe, sir;
And couldn't you see, you merry old rake,
It was large enough for two, sir?
Perhaps even now, if you'll stop your snarling,
Somewhere you may find an old man's darling."

So I went and I advertised for a wife,
In a paper devoted to Cupid;
I sent on my picture, a sketch of my life,
And also some sentiment stupid.
But, bless you, how quickly there came back the
answer—
Imagine my joy and surprise, if you can, sir.

I scarcely had posted the letter at all—
Don't see how the paper was printed—
When from a fair applicant I had a call,
And she hemmed and she hawed and she hinted;
And then, in a trice, we were through with our
wooing,
And married, and ready for billing and cooing.

I had hardly had time to take a good look
At the prize which I had captured,
But now that we were in our own bridal nook,
With her charms I was quite enraptured.
I felt that for ages I'd known her and missed her,
And then I took courage and hugged her and kissed
her.

The next thing I did was to praise her long hair,
And pat it, when—horror and sorrow!—
She pulled it right off, saying, "Hang it up there,
Where I'll find it for certain, to-morrow."
I know I'm bald-headed myself, but, God bless you,
A bald-headed woman's enough to distress you.

But her eyes, her fine eyes! And, then, what do
you think,
With a musical laugh, did my beauty?
She yanked out an optic as quick as a wink—
To care for it now was my duty.
Quite speechless, I held it and gasped; in a moment,
She began to unlimber some more, with this comment:

"Now, ducky, don't stare, while you help me to
bed—
It is rude—with my arm assist me;
Undo it and lay it right up near the head—
It's the one which you squeezed when you kissed
me.

An Old Man's Darling

'Tis hard on the railway to lose one's poor limblets;
But now I don't care since I've got you, my gim-
lets."

Her gimlets!—what next? To assure you I beg
My impulse to fly was a sudden one;
"Dear hubby, you've heard of Miss Killmansegg"—
Said she, with a wink—"I've a wooden one;
So, come and unstrap it—don't chatter, but hustle—
I can manage my teeth and my pads and my bustle."

I suppose I let off a demoniac yell,
As I made a wild dash for liberty;
It certainly seemed I was flying from hell
And the she-devil some call Old Flibberty.
In my flight I arrived at a river and jumped it;
And then I sat rubbing my head, for I'd bumped it.

It sobered me up for the rest of my life,
Yes, and part of the next, by jingo;
For I have no business to hunt for a wife,
And to court and to use silly lingo.
I'd rather remain a gruff bachelor, snarling,
Than to take any chance with an old man's darling.

THE ENGINEER

The brain of the train is the engineer,
Hurrah, for the man who brings us here!
Who gallops for us his iron steed,
And puts on the needed extra speed.
How faithful and true he remains at his post,
To see that no precious lives are lost,
As he rides each day through the valley of death,
With spirits as free as his engine's breath.
Oh, this is the man, with his honest hands,
Who grips the old throttle which understands:
Who brings all the lovers together at last
Where the clergyman binds them so welcome and
fast;
Who brings all the sons to their mothers' embrace,
No matter if heroes or deep in disgrace;
Who brings home the daughters in sorrow or joy;
Who brings back his parents to each waiting boy;
Who gives the last journey to such as depart,
With flowers and garlands for each aching heart—
Oh, the brain of the train is the engineer:
God bless him, the man who brings us here!
And should, after many a weary mile,
You give him just one brief, friendly smile,
He will smile in return—for his train is not late!—
As you hurry along to your friends at the gate.

KIKU SONG

In a garden bloomed a kiku,*
Marvellously rare;
But in vain the people sought it,
For a wall was there.
No one was allowed to see it,
For it was the King's—
Yet he never gave it thought-room,
He loved other things.

In a garden walks a maiden,
She is wondrous fair;
But in vain my heart is breaking,
For a wall is there.
I am not allowed to see her,
Nor can she see me—
Yet she hath no other lover,
And her heart is free.

WHEN THE SUN SANK AT PLEVNA

The hoarse artillery belched itself to rest:
Turkey, victorious, raised her lunar crest,
In crimson garments came the baleful night
And lowered on the flying Muscovite,
Grief's avalanche rent Alexander's heart,
The Czar of all the Russias wept apart;
Then cursed he Krud'ner and that weakly flank,
And Plevna, where the flower of Russia sank.

* Japanese name for the chrysanthemum.

Like autumn leaves the Cossack hordes lay slain,
A nightmare on the darkened battle-plain.
The tearful moon, half blurred, reviewed the sight,
While all was still and dreadful leered the night.
Then, lo, a wail of anguish rent the air—
Moslem hyenas gnawed the wounded Bear;
Base robber bands which pity never felt,
A second death to dead and dying dealt.
The dread fanatics trembled with delight,
And licked the blood, and blessed the Prophet's
 might.

A wounded youth, a Pole, in uniform
He hated, fall'n amid the bursting storm
Of bullets, heard the groans and prayers to spare,
Like echoes of the conflict, here and there.
"The God of Battles crush thee further still,"
He muttered 'neath his breath, "He must, He will!"
"Thee, Russia, who so boastfully cam'st forth,
Bannerd to conquer from the icy north.
I knelt at Jassy, one short month ago,
When twenty of my brethren in a row
Were placed, and mercy knew them not;
They were deserters, therefore they were shot.
And why deserters? Why not rather slaves
With whom the tyrant fills fair Poland's graves?
They heard faint whispers from the Dnieper's shore,
Of friends whom they on earth should see no more,
Then bared their breasts to bullets, as did I
To-day in battle—thus can Poland die!"

A long-drawn sigh—a gasp—then all was still:
Death had its harvest, plunder had its fill.

A FAIR EXCHANGE

An American heiress, if you please,
I am, and a rich one, too;
And scores of lovers I have to tease,
But none of them will do.

"Our men are handsome"—what of it?
"They have loving hearts"—oh, fie!
"And they have muscle, brains and wit"—
Yet for them what care I?

Behold me straining my ardent orbs,
As I search the ocean blue,
For one who all my attention absorbs—
And I've paid his passage, too!

Things foreign I have always prized,
From laces to rare old wine;
Then why should he not be idolized,
This musty old lover of mine?

He's penniless and broken down—
Ah, me, what a jealous fling!
You forget that he has a title and crown,
And a duke is a lovely thing!

You advise me to lift it out of pawn—
His coronet, do you mean?
I will, and when he has put it on,
You shall turn an envious green.

Then at last, "Your Grace," you must say to
me—

No longer, "Miss Moneybag";
For a full-blown duchess I shall be—
And I don't care a rap for the swag!

And suppose he should never love me?—ah!—
But only my glittering gold?
And pray who is going to love him—bah!—
Or the title which I hold?

And, therefore, it will be a fair exchange,
The reward of all my strife;
So haste to the pawnshop now with me,
My dukelet and my life!

RAGSY

You say they've arrested the beggar-man's joy,
My Raggy, my poor little motherless boy?
You say they have taken him down, underground,
To the cells in which sinners and mis'ry abound?
He's passed down those terrible steps made of stone,
He's heard the huge doors swing ajar with a groan,
And the grim walls have stared at him till, in his
fright,
He's shrunk from them as from a ghost in the night.
How hollow his footsteps—how mouldy and damp
The corridor, lit by that spluttering lamp!
I see him, his childish face turning so gray:
'Tis plainly the first time he's traveled that way.

And stealing, you say, was the charge? When the
Judge

Up and asked him who told him to steal, did he
budge?

Did he say 'twas a miserable wretch who, for drink,
An innocent soul to perdition would sink?

Of course not—I knew it—a hero, he stood

And faced the whole crowd in the court-room—he
would—

Defying the Judge to his face—what a child!—

Refusing to answer and driving him wild.

No wonder he sent him below for a stretch,

And said to himself, “What a hardened young
wretch!”

And now the policeman yanks open the last
Of the doors in the passage through which they
have passed,

And a noise, as of bedlam, bursts out of that den—

A human menagerie—women and men

In cages, like beasts, glaring out through the bars,

Some yelling like tigers, some cursing their stars,

Some singing wild songs, full of devilish glee,

Or dancing in frenzy, still out on their spree;

Some tearing their clothes till their bodies are bare,

Or twisting a rope for a swing in the air.

And some have the horrors and rave for a drink—

Shut them up! Shut them up! I can't bear it to
think

That Ragsy may hear them, and see them, and say:

“Some day they will find my poor daddy that way!”

You say when they locked him up there, with the
gang,
He paid no attention to what the fools sang,
Or the noise, or the blasphemy flying around,
But crept in his cell, and there fell on the ground,
Just all in a heap, like a rat in a hole—
A bundle of rags, somewhere in it a soul,
But whether that soul was alive or was dead,
It was hard to decide on—is that what you said?

And what of the morrow? When it came, did he
peach?
And then did the Judge, looking wise, make a
speech,
Commending the child to the care of the State,
And saying: "Now bring in the old reprobate?"
Of course not—I knew it!—he wouldn't go back
On his dad if they showed him the thumb-screws
and rack.
He was game to the last, and they sentenced him—
No?
You don't mean to say that the Judge let him go,
And that down on the road I shall meet him, the
scamp,
Laughing and singing, as onward we tramp?

You don't like my singing? It's all out of tune,
And grates on the ear, would I stop it as soon?
Of course I will stop, if you'll tell me about
My Ragsy and if the old Judge let him out.

Ragsy

A week by the calendar, one week ago,
He was caught and remanded for trial, below.
In the morning, you say, when they went to his cell,
They found him all huddled up there as he fell,
And they carried him out, when at last he would
own

That he felt rather chilly and sick and alone;
And, next, in a cot, where the walls are so white,
And the nurses so kind, and their footsteps so light,
He lay with the fever, which went to his brain,
Till he lived all his little life over again,
Tramping with daddy and leading him around
To where the most pennies were sure to be found;
Buying him drinks on the sly, good and hot,
Then doing something, but he wouldn't say what,
And there he lay keeping his secret and dying!—
No, no, don't say that—don't say that—say you're
lying!

Don't tell me he's gone—oh, don't tell me he's dead,
But give me a chance and I'll die in his stead!
My Ragsy, my little one, murdered, and I—
Oh, God!—I his murderer?—Hush, let me fly!
Don't hold me, don't hold me, have mercy!—A
scream:

I awake in my fright, and it's all just a dream!

And there comes my Ragsy, my brave little chap,
On guard while his daddy was taking his nap,
He's marvelling why I yelled out to him so;
Ah, Ragsy, ah, Ragsy, you never will know!
Right here on my knees I now offer a prayer,
And as for my bottle, I'll smash it right there!
For I don't want the snakes in my boots—if I do,
I don't want my Ragsy mixed up with them, too.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW LOVE

Oh, the old love and the new love
They met in my heart to-day,
The petulant old love which I deemed
A thousand miles away—
The wandering new love which I thought
Had never come to stay.

Said the old love to the new love:
"Oh, get thee hence from here,
For thou art an intruder in
A place to me most dear!"
But the new love only laughed a laugh,
Nor showed the new love fear.

Said the new love to the old love:
"A pretty thing art thou,
To go and leave thy kingdom fair,
Then try to claim it now.
Fie, fie upon you, nevermore
Shall you have it back, I vow!"

Thus the old love and the new love
They met in my heart to-day,
The petulant old love which I deemed
A thousand miles away—
The wandering new love which I deemed
Had never come to stay.

TEACHER'S HOLIDAY

Dear teacher, we are sorry that you are ill to-day;
Please give yourself a needed rest—oh, take a holiday.

We see you bravely trying to carry on your task,
But when 'tis more than you can do, 'tis more than
we can ask.

You know we love to study, and do not care to play,
But rather than to see you thus, we'll gladly lose a
day.

You smile at us, not knowing how very ill you
look—
We, who have learned to read your face, can read
it like a book.

Just now you whipped the bad boy in a melancholy
way,
Without your usual relish, the blows went half
astray.

And, worse, it did not rouse you, as should such
exercise—
We missed the lion's wrath, the look of danger in
your eyes.

And now your voice sounds loaded with drowsiness,
alack,
Like that of some poor sleepy ghost who's lost and
can't get back.

You nod in grave approval at all our lessons, too,
And pass in silence dignified our errors not a few.

All this means sudden illness—on that we'll stake
our purse;
And when you yawn to hide it, you only make it
worse.

Don't say you're rather stupid, that you were up
last night,
And don't, pray don't, apologize, and break our
hearts—'tain't right!

You know we will not chide you for being ill this
once,
So ring the bell and drive us out—disown us for
the nonce.

Oh, send us to the play-ground, to romp against
our will;
Tell us go fishing, make us climb the trees on yon-
der hill;

But do not tarry longer, and sit and squirm with
pain,
Just let the doctor have a chance to make you well
again.

You will? Hurrah! Well spoken! Go, take your
holiday,
And we shall try, like men, to bear your absence
while we play.

CRADLE SONG

(A Translation)

Behind the hills so golden
The day now sinks to rest,
My babe lies in his cradle,
The birds are in their nest;
And one sweet birdling, wee and small,
In twilight deep, sends out this call:
"Good night, good night,
Beloved child, good night."

His playthings here are gathered,
His clothes are on a chair;
A mouse within the pantry
Is rustling here and there,
And outside winks the evening star
Unto my darling from afar:
"Good night, good night,
Beloved child, good night."

The birds, the stars that twinkle,
And all things here below,
Are pleased to see my baby,
The angels love him so;
Beneath their wings they bid him creep;
They whisper as he goes to sleep:
"Good night, good night,
Beloved child, good night."

His cradle rocks so lightly,
The clock ticks merrily,
And lazy flies are humming
A drowsy lullaby;
The burden of their song so low,
What can it be? Oh, yes, I know;
"Good night, good night,
Beloved child, good night."

QUO VADIS?

O venerable hermit, why not tarry among us?
Why wander afar, shading thine eyes and gazing
at the horizon?
Wherefore that dreamy expression in thy deep-
sunken orbs?
That far-away look which we do not understand?
Oh, hermit, hermit, stay.
Out of thine humble abode in the desert thou hast
come forth:
Is it to take a last look, to say farewell to all things
earthly?
Or art thou seeking us, thy friends of moss-grown
years?
Oft have we smuggled food to thy sequestered habi-
tation,
And likewise additions to thine other necessities;
Thou knewest it not, knewest not that we were the
ravens
Sent by the Hand that succors the just.

Quo Vadis?

And gazing upon thee in thy piety, in stolen
moments,
We saw and we believed;
We saw and were made better;
We saw and rejoiced in thine integrity,
Thy loyalty, thy humbleness, thy devotion.

“Swing high, sweet spirits, your golden censers,
Swing high your offerings before the great White
Throne,
And rejoice, for here is one who must be deemed
worthy to join you,
In glorified company, beloved of the Father.”
Thus we thought and thus we prayed.

And now that thou art come forth, gentle hermit,
We, thine ancient brethren, behold thee;
In our flowing robes and white beards we, too, are
venerable;
As such our children and grand-children love and
respect us.
Yet we have fought another fight than that which
engaged thine own sinews;
Whether we deserve credit or honor, what matters
it?
We are not disputing about honors:
We only know that we love thee,
That thy venerable face illumined appeals to us.
We only know that within our poor arms we would
enfold thee,
And upon thy brow imprint the seal of our still-
glowing friendship.

We would bid thee to our hearth-stone, to our
home,
To listen to the mad prattle of infants,
To partake of good cheer,
To sit by the ruddy embers in mood reminiscent,
To peruse the Good Book, our guide through life,
Our guide to the all-welcome Beyond.

Merchants were we, of a just measure and balance:
Our fiercest struggle not competition nor necessity
of gain,
But to keep ourselves from taking undue advantage,
To ward from our conscience the unjust usufruct
and increment,
To preserve our hands from robbery.
And so with our ledgers we perused this Book of
Books;
And so in our daily lives we strove to carry out its
precepts:
We believe that we partly triumphed:
God be merciful and obliterate our shortcomings.

But what is that to thee, oh, gallant subjective
fighter?
We were in the open, with recognized conditions,
Thou in the narrow confines of thy cell,
Each in his own way grappling with sin,
And he who grappleth with sin hath his Gethse-
mane.

Quo Vadis?

But a truce to our pleadings,
Thy countenance is still averted,
Still gazing at the distant wavering sky-line:
Thou art rigid as a statue,
Kissed by the breezes from the desert,
Reminders of thy hibernation.

Quo vadis? Whither? Whither?
Tell us the answer, oh, apparition at eventide:
Are thine ears enraptured with music of spheres
invisible?

Art thou planning a long-delayed journey,
A journey to that darling planet
Which dispenses the most alluring strains?
Heaven must it be,
Happiness must it enfold,
A new existence must it provide,
For those who have tried,
For those who have succeeded,
For those who have failed
(According to earthly standards),
But who in all things, at all times, under all con-
ditions,
Have tried their best.

We see thee slowly fading from view, oh, hermit,
Our tear-dimmed eyes strain to behold thee,
In purest exaltation, mounting the stepping-stones
of heaven,
Each step a prayer.
And wordless and messageless thou fadest,
Rending our heart-strings that vainly would hold
thee.

Farewell, venerable hermit,
Best-beloved of friends, farewell.
Pregnant with reason and meaning may be thy
 silence.
Have we not heard the sages proclaim this simile:
Each family a full-blown rose in God's garden
 blossoms;
Rich in maturity, one by one the petals drop;
Then come the breezes which gently waft them
 across the river,
Carrying to other lands their sweetly-garnered
 perfumes.
And, further quoth the sages,
When our fellow-petals go whirling,
Generation after generation, into the blessed abodes,
And we, the few, the lonely, the mournfully yearn-
 ing,
Are left upon the stem;
When they beckon to us from heights elysian,
With outstretched arms,
With love which surpasses the human;
When they gradually become our silent majority;
When by faith we can behold their faces,
And dwell fondly upon their every look and ex-
 pression;
When our remaining friends in the flesh grow fewer
 and fewer,
And the intimate circle becomes smaller and smaller,
Must it not follow that finally,
Imperceptibly,
Irresistibly,
Like the beam of the scales which weigh gold and
 fine jewels,

Two Letters

Tipping the other way,
We are inclined, we tremble, we yield,
We set our countenance afar:
The petals drop from the stem,
The gentle winnower, miscalled death, wafts us
 slowly
Into God's treasure-house,
Into new life, into new opportunities.

Therefore, gentle hermit, a brief farewell.
Thine but the advantage of priority—
Thine but the satisfaction of announcing us
To the gladsome majority.

TWO LETTERS

Way down, bang down, piteously low
Sinks my heart,
Like the mercury in the bulb of a thermometer,
In zero weather.
I congeal, I condense, I shrink,
I become cold and dead.
Way down, bang down, sunken is my heart,
And why, oh, why?
Why is my body like a lean crystal pierced by a red
 line,
Why is my soul like the mercury in this long, red
 line?
Why does it sink, colder and colder,
Until it reaches the earth, even the tomb?

I will explain,
I will elucidate,
I will enlighten,
I will confess:

Alas, I have just breath enough in me to do so,
Before I am dumb, before I solidify.

I have received two letters from the postman—
One perfumed and dainty,
The other rude and bearing a tradesman's imperious
imprint.

Alas, alas, alas,
From the perfumed missive
I might reasonably expect sweetness and light:
I hung breathlessly over it, feverish as Mount Etna;
I could hardly control myself;
I broke open the seal;
But after reading the first few words
I quickly contracted the proverbial frozen horror.
The message was not one of sweetness and light:
It was a flat refusal from the loveliest creature in
all the universe,
Who will not marry me.

The second blow comes like the finishing touch of
Fate:

Lo, my tailor demands payment immediately,
For the many suits I ordered to press this one.
In a very vulgar way, and a decided,
He intimates he will not wait longer—
He will put me in the stocks, in the list of bad
debtors,
And circulate my name,

We Trust in Thee

So that all avenues of credit shall be closed unto me,
All chance of ever again hanging up a tailor cut off.

Alas, and will you further marvel
Why I am colder than the Antarctic pole
And diving for its proximity?
Neither the sun's faint crimson at dawn,
Nor his yellow glare at noon-day,
Nor his deep red at eventide,
Shall I ever see again,
For I congeal, I condense, I shrink,
I am cold, I am practically dead,
Overwhelmed by a double misfortune in one day—
Killed by a tailor and a girl.

WE TRUST IN THEE

Lord, Thou hast brought us here,
Upon this earthly sphere,
We trust in Thee.

We know not whence we came,
Nor our pre-natal name,
Yet, with our hearts aflame,
We trust in Thee.

Soon Thou wilt take away
Our tenement of clay;
We trust in Thee.

And once our souls are free,
Our faith will make us see
What now is mystery;
We trust in Thee.

Can atoms praises sing,
And make the heavens ring?
We trust in Thee.
Can dust give voice to love?
Then listen, heavenly dove,
And hear us, God above,
We trust in Thee.

BRYAN O'LYNN

Oh, Bryan O'Lynn tried to do without clothes:
And why this ambition—now can you suppose?
And Bryan O'Lynn tried to do without food:
You say, "What the devil?" Now, do not be rude.
He gave up his home for a bench in the park:
And wherefore? No longer remain in the dark!
He had heard self-denial was pleasing to heaven,
And now he is in padded cell number 'leven.

A CHILD'S PETITION TO FATHER
CHRISTMAS

Dear Father Christmas, whiten the earth,
For without snow there can be no mirth;
Deep mud and slush on the broad highway
Make, oh, such a dreary holiday.

From the fleecy clouds let the snow-flakes fly,
Till you clear them away from the deep-blue sky,
While the sextons are ringing the Christmas chimes,
Bringing us thoughts of the olden times.

For the dear little lambs at Bethlehem
Were white as the messengers that came,
Were white as the fleecy clouds above,
Were white as the message full of love.

So, dear Father Christmas, whiten the earth,
Of ice and snow let there be no dearth,
And let Jack Frost paint the windows gay,
Upon our merry holiday.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon
Are crowded with dancers fair,
The while each luckless myrmidon
Like Atlas crouches there;
We hold the Gardens bravely up—
Hold fast, ye luckless wights!—
The while our masters laugh and sup
With all their parasites.
In pleasing and mellifluous verse
Their poets sing of love,
And all make merry while we curse
The throng who dance above.
Speak not of visions—who shall call
The power to free each tortured thrall?
And a soft, low voice in their hearts replied,
To every one in pain who cried:
“And the grass shall grow, and the skies shall
smile
And merry children romp the while.

The workers at their toil shall sing,
For the harvest which the workers bring
(No longer stolen on the way)
Shall all be theirs—oh, wondrous day!
And woe who him who dares say nay!"

TWO GRAINS OF SAND

Two little grains of sand,
Tossed by the tide of ocean grand,
At last came side by side.
They laughed, embraced and sweetly kissed,
But in a moment more were missed,
One by the other—sundered wide.
An envious wave, called Fate, the one out-bore
Into the fathomless blue;
The other, snatched up in a monster's jaw, no more
The pleasures of that coast forever knew.

He met a maid as beauteous as the dawn,
One fragrant summer, and they wooed and
wooed,
Beneath the silvery moon, upon the lawn—
Ah, brief illusion. Then there came the flood
Which whelmed them o'er; a sacrifice more pure
Than she was never caught by Mammon's lure,
And he was borne by a relentless wave,
O'er sands and jagged rocks, and sank afar
Beyond the shadow of an earthly grave,
In endless night, where shines no shimmering star.

MY HERO!

Had I the power on earth to name
The one great heir to deathless fame,
Who rises like a rock sublime
Out of these storm-tossed waves of Time:
It would not be the statesman who
Essays to mould the world anew;
It would not be the iron hand
Which seeks the throat of ev'ry land;
It would not be the war-god's kin,
Smiling without but foul within;
But it would be that loving soul
Which shines in yonder prison hole—
Sublime, like God's own other son,
Doing the work which must be done,
Bearing the cross which must be borne,
Wearing the glorious crown of thorn.

OH, WOMAN TRANSFIGURED

Oh, woman with the glorified expression,
Who are you?

A moment ago she was bending over her task,
Sewing, sewing and coughing—
Coughing softly so as not to awaken the little
sleepers—
The red blood trickling between coughs—
Her eyes wandering now and then to the cradle;
The needle piercing her heart as well as the cloth
of her sewing.

But now she is changed, this woeful midnight toiler:
She is transfigured—

White and saintly, like the martyrs of old in the
arena,

I behold her smiling and gazing.

What is it you are smiling at, in that winsome,
wistful manner?

I look again, and now I behold what you behold:
The millionaire's daughter is scattering favors at
her first ball—

Her coming out ball, so it is announced.

There is a mad crush on Fifth Avenue;

The air is full of alluring perfumes;

There are jewels fit for an empire;

Flowers there are also in profusion—

Dainty, fragile flowers, like the millionaire's
daughter.

The scene is dazzling.

The guests are shimmering in silken and golden
garments;

But, insinuating himself among them, there is one
guest who does not shimmer.

He maketh me to shudder,

This strange, incongruous, gliding guest;

Yet I cannot avert mine eyes—

And you are not afraid of him,

You smile upon him so winsomely;

You seem to say to this guest:

"Here—here am I; not there!

You have entered the wrong habitation, oh, Ex-
pected One:

Here—here am I: you are mine and not hers!"

Kisses

He maketh me to shudder,
This strange, incongruous, gliding guest whom no
one sees save you and I.
But why does his aspect not terrify you as it does
me?
Why does he provoke such a heart-breaking smile
from you?
Why does he fascinate you so completely,
Oh, woman transfigured?

KISSES

Darling, to the terrace come;
Meet me when the beetles hum
In the mellow evening light,
And all else is quiet quite.

In the hours attuned to love
Let us o'er the terrace rove,
And hear what the breezes say
To the ivy in their play.

Then, perchance, my arm may creep
'Round thy waist, 'neath tresses deep,
While entranced we listen to
The notes with which the robins woo.

Should thy weary head recline
On my waiting breast, and mine
Seek thy ruby lips, anon,
Who shall blame us love? Oh, none!

For to love is but to live,
Kiss to take is but to give:
Therefore, give me kisses sweet—
Kisses, kisses, when we meet.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN

Vibrate, oh, ye wires, with sorrow,
Let the news be flashed afar,
Grim death has some to borrow
A bright particular star;
Wig-wag it over the ocean,
Or send a marconigram,
It will stir up a great commotion
From Thibet to Surinam.
George Francis Train, George Francis Train,
When shall we see thy like again!

Say the trees near Madison Garden,
And the benches in the park,
And the spot which was his star den,
Are hushed in mourning dark;
Say that troops and troops of little ones
Will miss him there, we ween,
Cracking his jokes, his brittle ones,
While they romp upon the green.
George Francis Train, George Francis Train,
When shall we see thy like again!

George Francis Train

To us he was king of eccentrics,
Great Psycho, playing a part;
A crusty old writer with pen tricks,
A cynic to make us smart;
To them he was one of the sages,
Or a playmate from fairyland—
Aye, he was the chum of all ages
When he clasped them by the hand.
George Francis Train, George Francis Train,
When shall we see thy like again!

For them his smiles and caresses—
But never a hand for us;
And here is one of the guesses
Just why he acted thus:
The fountain of youth he'd discovered
The little children among,
And with them on earth he hovered,
Just seventy-eight years young.
George Francis Train, George Francis Train,
When shall we see thy like again!

A smile for his whims and foibles,
Our thanks for his counsels wise,
And on the nation's joy-bells,
Applause for his enterprise.
Gone is the great globe-trotter,
Who put Jules Verne to shame;
Gone is the great sham-spotter,
Who makes us all exclaim:
George Francis Train, George Francis Train,
When shall we see thy like again!

SUNDAY MUSINGS

I love to hear the church-bells ring;
I love to hear the choir sing;
I love to hear the preacher pray,
"Forgive our sins, O Lord, this day";
I love to see the people kneel,
And, oh, so meek and humble feel,
Then turn and see the ladies stare
At what those horrid Joneses wear.

THE WRATH OF HOMER

Great Pyrrho, who was king of skeptics crowned,
Deemed Truth a phantom, nowhere to be found;
But Baldus Factum need but ope his eyes
Her beauteous form to see and recognize.
For him she reigned supreme—he owned but her,
And scorned all who but Truth-resembling were.
Light Fancy, terrorized, before him flew,
And fair Imagination vanished, too.
His love for truth it was so manifest
That he could neither eat, nor drink, nor rest
If once, perchance, he heard, or saw, or read
That which had simply been "made out of head."
A tale (it mattered not how weak, absurd)
He loved, if only vouched word for word;
The loftiest works that genius e'er brought forth
He dubbed "a pack of lies," not reading worth,
Unless, perchance,—O mark of saving grace!—
"Founded on fact" was writ across its face.

The Wrath of Homer

This Factum, who was but a cobbler-sage,
Once kicked the Iliad round in valiant rage,
And scornfully addressed the prostrate tome,
Upon the sward before his village home:

“Have I for this in patience pored thee o’er,
Wading through fields of hero-talk and gore,
To find thee lying with thy lastmost gasp?
Wilt still thy fables to thy bosom clasp?—
Of shallow gods in murky regions penned,
Gods all at first but human in the end;
With amorous passions and base deeds defiled,
And of their rags divine at last beguiled
By one another in their warring mood,
Till man detests the vile up-conjured brood.
Have I for this neglected awl and last?
Nay, then, I’ll prove a fell iconoclast!

“What are the chiefest of your gods to-day?
Come, heathen tome and Trojan-requiem, say;
Of all their ire who cringes now afraid?—
Your fog-compelling tyrant, blue-eyed Maid,
Immoral Venus and incestuous Juno,
Pain-bellowing Mars, and all the rest whom you
know:

The jumping-jacks of every scribbling scribe,
Those madcap knights of senseless diatribe,
Who spur their captured steeds for steep Parnassus
And urge them on with Greek theology,
And swear to them from Greek mythology,
Only to find their hippogriffs are asses
That at their very best can only be
Snail-plodders after immortality.

"Such were the powers that hovered in your brain,
Such were your gods—and what your lesser train?
Deep-weeping heroes, snivelling demi-gods,
Who make long speeches on the life-drunk sods.
Hence, herd self-heroed and self-deified—
Hence, babbling Greeks with mouths a-gaping wide!
Ho! Now invoke the idols of your brain,
Ere ye are kicked out on the dreary plain;
There sink (first drowned within some muddy
pond)
To the hot scenery of a dim beyond!"

Three thousand years their mantle spread in vain:
Th' insulted shade of Homer heard with pain,
There where he sat amid the furious hosts
Of war-like Jove and glorious warrior-ghosts,
And all the banished gods in dim array,
Sent down to Pluto by a mightier sway.
In quivering passion he beholds the deed,
And begs from Heaven an all-avenging speed.

Hoary as moss-grown rock at once he stands
Before the scoffer and revenge commands.
The fable-hater saw the immortal bard,
And with a deep-mouthed curse transfixed him
hard;
But god-like fires leaped to the singer's eyes
(As when the lightning rends the storm-clad skies),
The subtle poison, racing through his veins,
As when a thousand lions shake their manes,
Roused his great rage, deep-stamping on the floor,
Which now the trembling cobbler scarcely bore.

The Wrath of Homer

"Base mortal!" (Thus the reverend shade now
breathed),

"Unworthy our least sword to feel unsheathed,
I come to stretch thee (aged as I am),
And, howling brief to thy wolf-breeding dam,
To leave thee, morsel to a vulture's look,
For thine accursed railing at my book.

"When thrice ten centuries again have passed,
And Time upon the brow of dark At Last
Has writ your story with a crumbling hand,
Then come to me, in yonder shadow-land
And bring the records of your free-born line,
To proudly dare comparison with mine.
'These were the men all prodigal of blood,
Who rushed to battle in a sanguine flood;
Who dared upon the tablets of great Fame
With swords to carve a memory and a name.
Rude were their manners (to their faults be blind),
The great fore-runners of all warlike kind.'
Thus I to thee, my heroes then my theme.
Then vaunt your loudest and your loftiest seem,
And show me from your race degenerate one
Who wrests the laurels from my favorite son.

"How dare they carp at creeds to us once given
By Him, the Sire all-wise of earth and heaven,
When scarce upon the ink is dry the sand
(From Latin Virgil down, or Milton grand)
With which their bards bestrew their pilfered
rhymes,
I their great fount and model for all times!

"And thou wouldst chide me worthless, tread upon
My regal head when I am dead and gone?—
Hence, impious imp, from out my presence go,
And tremble on the verge of hell below!"

He ceased, and terrible all earth now frowned
Upon the cobbler groveling on the ground.
The bard, upon the wings of Jove's great bird,
Flies sunward-pinioned and no more is heard.
And with the brand of shame upon his brow,
His neighbors dimly saw the scoffer now
Move palely, like a statue, in the gloom.
Next morn a corse was master of his room.

LOVE THINE ENEMY

Who is mine enemy?—
A pair of gray eyes,
Face fair as the skies,
Stray ringlet or curl,
Teeth brighter than pearl,
In fact, 'tis a girl
That is mine enemy.

Queer kind of enemy—
A glance from her eye,
A half-smothered sigh,
Are like shell and ball,
And wound where they fall,
I'm powerless all,
Over this enemy.

“Love thou thine enemy!”
Ah, there is the rub,
My head-shaking cub:
Though sore is my heart,
And woe is my part,
And wounded I smart,
I’ll love mine enemy!

THE PYTHIAN FLAG UP NORTH

(*Sunday, May 13, 1883.*—Worked all forenoon making a Knights of Pythias flag. *Wednesday, May 16, 1883.*—At 6 p. m. I started for Dutch Island, to take high tide readings. Sergeant Lynn accompanied me. I took my Knights of Pythias flag with me. When we arrived at the island we found Lieutenant Kislingbury there. So we all climbed up a large iceberg, and I unfurled the flag, and Lieutenant Kislingbury fired a salute from his rifle.—*Diary of Sergeant William H. Cross, Fort Conger, Arctic Regions.*)

Far in the ice-bound regions, up in the silent north,
Many, ah, many a league away, their love for the
flag shone forth;
Lovingly one had fashioned it, on a Sunday morning
blest,
Deeming his task devotion—not a sin—on this day
of rest.

And he stitched, and pieced and dreamed there, in
the scanty Arctic sun,
And he saw his home and loved ones, while his task
was being done;
He saw still more—the castle, the hall all dimly lit
And the sons of modern knighthood, to whom his
soul was knit.

Lovingly he stitched there, and planned and worked
away,
Till the blue and the red and the yellow together
were made to stay.
Such a flag! such a Pythian banner! 'twas the grand-
est that ever waved!
We would give a hundred others for this had it been
saved.

Three at the island gathered, far from the camp
were they;
Three up the iceberg clambered, to its highest sum-
mit gray;
There to the breeze were the colors, in all their
glory, thrown;
There in the ice they planted them, the highest
north e'er known.

Then a rifle broke the stillness of the awful region
round,
And hearty cheers rang out upon the silence all
profound;
'Twas Kislingbury's weapon that spoke it out on
high:
"Saluted be, thou Pythian flag, emblem that ne'er
shall die.

Thaumaturgy

“Though we should sink forgotten, covered with
Arctic snow,
Killed by the cruel hunger, such as few mortals
know,
Thou shalt wave on in thy glory, in every land and
clime,
Proclaiming to every nation thy lessons three sub-
lime.

“Thou shalt wave on in thy glory, under the red,
white and blue,
With love for our common country, with love for
her manhood true!”
Thus spoke the lieutenant’s rifle, thus cheered the
little band—
Thus was the banner planted, in yonder Arctic land.

THAUMATURGY

My love and I went holidaying,
In a fair city by the lake,
And while we were a visit paying
A charming friend unto us spake:

“Oh, have you heard of—what’s it?—urgy—
Of thaumaturgy—urgy, gurgy?
Let’s go and marvel—I have tickets:
But we must hasten and be quick, it’s
Just time to catch the opening act;
You’ll be delighted—that’s a fact.”

Somewhat befogged but unresisting,
We hurried to the playhouse gay;
Soon in a soft chair I was twisting
To get a look at Mistress Fay,

In that unheard-of—what's it?—urgy—
That thaumaturgy—urgy, gurgy.
Upon the stage she sat, eyes covered;
Beside her the professor hovered,
And from the audience questions came
On many cards—that was the game.

What happened? Oh, ye stars above me!
She read their minds! I must confess,
That was my chance: "Oh, does Jean love me?"
I wrote: then came the answer, "Yes."

God bless this curious—what's it?—urgy—
This thaumaturgy—urgy, gurgy!
Friends, go and see it, purchase tickets;
If you're in love, 'twill do the trick, it's
The thing to make your girl confess—
But, then, the answer should be yes.

THE AMERICANS

"One little five-year-old Belgian boy, during an air-raid, was indignant and grieved. Said he: 'I didn't think they would dare to come where the Americans are.'"—*Mrs. Joseph Linden Smith.*

Pretty little ones, with wide blue eyes of sublimest faith,

Oh, for the sheltering arms of the Americans, your protectors!

The heart-strings pull, the silent tear seeks outlet—

We appreciate your indignation and protest.

And every soldier of Freedom who hears you

Will swear a holy oath to be worthy of that sublimest of faiths;

Will swear to keep the thundering raiders far from the children.

The Americans, friends of all the poor, homeless little ones of Belgium;

Friends of all the astonished and famished children of Serbia, of Armenia, of Roumania, of Poland;

Friends of all these dear, wee, many-tongued toddlers,

Who understand one common language,

The language of faith and confidence—they are coming!

Swing your little caps high in the air—the Americans are coming!

Pretty soon, little dears, the enemy will no longer
dare to come where they are!

Their giant strides, from village to village and from
city to city—

Ever forward, forward, forward—

Their steady, determined, always advancing steps—
Shall prove their love for you, oh, tiny ones!

Brave, battle-scarred midgets,

With faith in your hearts and horror in your
brains:

Dismiss your fears, for the Americans are coming;
They will range themselves upon your side, little
ones—

You shall see them; you, who are the real army—
You, who are the real power which moves this con-
flict—

For, unless we become like you, and believe in you,
and love you, and have faith,

We cannot enter the gates of victory.

GRABITALL & CO.

So Grabitall is dead,

And yet the world moves on—

And can it be it still revolves,

When Grabitall is gone?

Methinks that, even now,

I hear him talk for hours

About his scheme of buying up

This little earth of ours.

He seemed to have a grip
Upon the universe,
And nature wore her broadest smile
When he untied his purse.
And now he's dead and gone;
No trace he leaves behind,
Six feet of ground is all that holds
The folly of his kind.

What, Knowitall dead, too?
(Death deals some heavy knocks);
How will the orphaned world survive
Without his knowledge-box?
How will it dare revolve
In clouds of ignorance,
Now that his shining intellect
So rudely torn is hence?
Methinks I see him yet,
This solemn man of mind,
Strew pitying glances from his height
Upon his lesser kind.
And now to think he burst
His chrysalis and soared
To realms above, while other men
Just lay and slept and snored.

And Rulemall as well—
You say you've a dispatch?
Nay, truly, truly, then old Death
Has made a royal catch.
How many millions once
To him like slaves did kneel;
How many nations licked the dust
Beneath his iron heel.

He did not hesitate
To couple with his name
Those of the gods, in mad belief
That he could give them fame.
And can it be that one
So high and mighty dies
And yet no badge of mourning flames
Across the darkened skies?

And who is that, our friend,
Dear Lady Charmemall—
She who in glory, yesternight,
Made conquests at the ball?
She who was wondrous fair,
She who, like Juggernaut,
Could hardly move for devotees
Who by her charms were caught?
Methinks I see her still,
Her pathway paved with hearts,
And strewn with coronets and things,
And Cupid's broken darts.
And now—it cannot be,
For were she really dead,
The sun and moon, and stars as well,
Their little tears would shed.

Nay, vex me further not
With mortuary news,
Nor further with new takings-off
My hearing now abuse.
For what, alas, are we
But flies upon a wheel,

The Physician

Or dust upon a cannon-ball
Shot from a mouth of steel?
Sit still, ye great of earth,
Wealth, beauty, think it o'er,
Though ye depart the world moves on
Just as it moved before.
Then why be pompous, man?
Why strut and lord it so,
When you, the beggar, and the king
So soon are forced to go?

THE PHYSICIAN

A king sat on his throne, before him low
The people bowed and knelt and prostrate lay,
And yet no milder sovereign ever reigned
Exalted o'er the multitude—they knelt
So humbly there before him all unasked.
Him had they crowned with boundless gratitude,
Because he came and saved their lives: a plague
Had left ten thousand corpses in the land.
He came and stayed the ruthless hand of death;
They deemed him of the gods and worshipped him.

Then was it that a look divine o'ershone
His countenance, as he laid aside the crown
And put away the scepter, and in words
Simple yet great, announced his royal will,
Which was to save more lives, stay other plagues
In other lands; and then he blessed them all,
And took his staff, and bade them dry their tears.

Oh, ancient life divine, thou throbbest still
In many thousand noble forms—thy face
Is mirrored round the world, wherever pain
And illness stretch men on their mortal rack.
Warrior of life and human happiness,
Receive this tribute as a member of
That band heroic which forever fights
The monsters preying on the human race.
Applauded be thy faithfulness, and may
Thy useful course at eventide be cheered
By all the comforts and the happiness
Which thy unceasing care and labors brought
To those who, living, bless and honor thee.

HAIL!

Hail to the morn
When thou wert born,
Beautiful land of the free;
Brothers we stand,
Hand in hand,
Pledging our manhood to thee.

Hail to the night,
Starlit and bright,
Swelling with music of spheres;
Telling of thee,
Land of the free,
Bannered and jewelled with tears.

None but the Dead Shall Pass this Way

Hail to the star,
Trembling afar,
Sirius, glowing in space;
Fixed as the fate
Which we await,
Sons of the new human race.

NONE BUT THE DEAD SHALL PASS
THIS WAY

Matthew Webb, the noted English swimmer, was drowned while attempting to swim through the rapids and whirlpool, below Niagara Falls, July 24, 1883, in the 35th year of his age.

"Unmoor me the boat," the swimmer said,
Coolly arrayed in his breech-cloth red;
And the skiff shot swiftly from the shore,
Dividing the dark-green waves before.

Like flies on the rocky heights there stood
The crowd, admiring his hardihood,
While many a doubting cry went round:
"He's the first to attempt it," "And he will be
drowned!"

From afar came the roar of the maniac deep,
Where it gnashes its teeth at the cliffs so steep,
And wildly struggles its passage to make
To the tranquil breast of the friendly lake.

But the swimmer listened unabashed;
In vain for him its teeth it gnashed.
He stood in his boat, erect and strong,
And waved his hand at the gaping throng.

"Not another stroke," said his guide, as they brushed
Against the current that deathward rushed.
"Farewell," quoth the swimmer, "no farther go,"
And he leaped from the frail craft's reeling bow—

A human arrow—while all held their breath,
As he sped to his aim—renown or death;
As he sped to his aim, with a will and a smile,
To battle with fate for a weary mile.

Below the scene of the breakers mad
A form, in misty whiteness clad,
Rested upon another oar,
In another boat, from another shore.

"There'll be work to do," said the skipper gray,
"For none but the dead shall pass this way!"
And his ghostlike hands to his eyes he lifts,
As he peers through the howling water's rifts.

"Graceful and clean was the plunge, I grant;
That he swims like a fish, deny I can't—
But the way is long from the bridge to the pool,
And he little dreams what is coming, the fool.

None But the Dead Shall Pass This Way

"Aha, well done! the first huge wave
Of the rapids ne'er shall be thy grave—
He rides on the crest of the waters wild,
As if he were truly a mermaid's child.

"But now for the test of his parentage,
Where Niagara plows the channel in rage,
Forming a ridge in the narrow pass—
A fierce, tumultuous, terrible mass.

"The waters have conquered! He's ghastly white—
His eyes seem closing in endless night—
The river is eating his breath, as it throws
And lashes him on in his dying woes.

"Ye gods! for a moment he moves his hands—
He would swim, and if swim he can he lands!"
But in vain are his efforts, see him gasp
As he sinks in the whirlpool's final grasp.

Ah, deadlier far its treacherous hold
Than the foaming and raging of rapids bold.
See him spin like a top in its greedy throat:
Oh, ferryman, ferryman, bring thy boat.

And the ferryman laughs, as the eddying wave
Now hurries the swimmer down to his grave.
"There is work for me," I hear him say,
"For none but the dead shall pass this way."

A LULLABY

Woo him softly, woo him gently to his slumber;
Woo him softly, woo him gently thus to rest;
Hold him, shield him, let no earthly care encumber
His sweet dreams of fairyland upon thy breast.

Rock him to and fro,
Singing sweet and low,
While the angels look and smile
On him every little while.

Oh, my baby, precious baby,
With thy little ruby lips;
Hair so golden, ne'er beholden
Were such tiny fingertips;
Eyes the bluest and the truest
Ever smiled on mother blest—
Close them, close them, and repose them,
Little elf, upon my breast.

ENOUGH

An aged pilgrim, weak and worn,
Fell fainting 'neath his load,
And no one marked him where he fell,
Upon the lonely road.

Enough

Alone he sank upon the sward,
Out where the moon was high;
His pillow was, like Jacob's, stone,
His coverlet the sky.

An anguished prayer burst from his lips,
"It is enough," cried he:
"No more to-morrows on thine earth,
Dear Father, give to me!"

And what said God? He chided not,
But gave the pilgrim rest,
And wife and child and home again,
And friends whom he loved best.

For in his dreams the pilgrim called
And summoned them by name,
And, no, not one refused him then,
Obedient they came.

"'Twere pity now to wake him more,"
The angels said at morn,
When white and all transfigured there
They found him newly-born.

No more the children thought him strange,
No more were jokes bestowed
Upon him by the thoughtless 'mongst
His brethren of the road.

Nay, in his new-born dignity,
Now that the night was fled,
They wished him all good morrow, but
The pilgrim he was dead.

And as they wondered at his face,
His white and lovely hair,
They saw mute laughter on his lips;
It played in triumph there.

TO THE PEACE CONGRESS

Don't let that monster save his face,
'Twould be the climax of disgrace!
Darkness for him should spread her wings
Forever on all earthly things.
For him no star of hope should rise
To point the way to paradise,
Until he expiates his crimes,
With his vile crew a thousand times.

HEART THROBS

Sweet Christmastide, oh, season of good wishes,
Day of rare gifts and little deeds delicious!
What shall I send? Something to give thee pleasure,
Purchased at vast expenditure of treasure?
Some gem of fabled worth, a color-fountain,
Dug up by slaves from yonder cratered mountain?
Or some rare dream of art, with costly setting,
For which a host would strive and die in getting?

The Seventh Commandment

Not so, dear friend, to me it seemeth better
To send these heart throbs in a loving letter;
To light the Christmas-tree with many a taper
And watch it shimmer on the written paper;
To see, in fancy, while the Yule-log burneth,
The absent one to whom fond mem'ry turneth;
To pledge thee, in my cup of Friendship's brewing,
This inmost sentiment, each year renewing:

Here's to our absent friends, in mem'ry ever
Near unto us and absent really never.
Our sweetest thought is that we, too, remembered
Are always at your hearth-stone brightly embered.
In rain, in shine, in every kind of weather,
In spirit thus we always dwell together.
So, take these heart throbs as the truest token
That Friendship on this written page hath spoken.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT

A cultured copy-slaughterer in Boston,
The editor of a repository of good things,
Rejected a song which I sang of our country's greatness—

A song of expansion with the spirit of which he
agreed not.

"Thou art a poet—sing the truth," he wrote in his
letter.

What, said I, what new theory is this?
Poets shall sing the truth?
They who have been branded as dreamers from
times immemorial?
Limners of fancies, chimeras, mirages, ignes fatui;
Half-madmen, mental centaurs, sometimes wholly
mad,
Or something worse, according to Lombroso;
These fellows who, we are told, roll their eyes in
fine frenzy,
But cannot distinguish potatoes from turnips:
These dons quixotic whose fervid adorations
Rise like incense before their ideal dulcineas,
Fat and ill-favored in actuality, it may be!
And our Boston critic expects truth from such
people?
Perchance he hath in mind the catalogue of the ships
of Homer;
But who will guarantee that even that was entirely
truthful?

Dear Brother of the Antique Disposition:
I mused long and earnestly upon the new dictum—
I tried to laugh it down,
To lock it up in mine inner consciousness,
When a miserable mess in the daily papers met mine
eyes.
It was all about thee, oh, man of genius;
And it was all true, alas, too true,
For with it came thine own defiant acknowledgment.

The Seventh Commandment

Ah me, quoth I; here is a subject for a song—
a true one!

A song with which to delight the cultured copy-
slaughterer in Boston:

But I would a thousand times rather not sing it,
For I am angry with thee, oh, man of genius, I am
indignant;

I squirm when the children ask if this be the gentle-
man,

This the man whom I once praised to them as an
example.

I revolt, I rebel, I do not wish to tell the truth to
them—

Nor to the editor—nor to the world.

But, woe is me, hast thou read of the pang of the
Prophet

Who did not wish to prophesy, but had to, under
compulsion?

Truth, guided by the icy, merciless modern
Athenian,

Waylaid me, knocked for recognition,

Broke into the innermost chamber of my being,

And, with sledge-hammer blows,

Demolished the door of pity, the last refuge of
friendship.

It seized me, it bound me, it pried open my lips;

It commanded me to speak.

So, dear Brother of the Antique Disposition (I am
forced to utter plain language),

Thou gloriest in being an adulterer,

And in having white-washed thine adultery?

Thou puttest it not in that brash way—
Thine hands are encased in kid gauntlets.
And loud is thy cry of having been mated unhappily.
Alas, the man of genius and the inferior scullion—
She who was once the bride of his own choosing—
She, for whom he would have died, at the drop of
her perfumed handkerchief—
She who bore him his children—is now lightly dis-
carded,
Dismissed from his superior life as a nightmare.
Tell me, is a man of genius necessarily a scoundrel,
A breaker of vows, of commandments—
A stranger to decency?

And so during the riotous feast at the club,
Amid one long, loud, gleeful, roar,
They announced thee as Fra Diavolo.
Oh, wonderful penetration of those who live in glass
mansions.
The revellers, in their cups, hit the taurian orb!
And your most dangerous Fra Diavolo
Is he who goeth about as an angel of light,
Making preachments, easy and comfortable,
Scattering, unhindered and unhissed, his moral
leprosy.

There is not a pharisaical hair in my head, Fra
Diavolo;
All of us are fallible, in one way or another, and
need charity:
But this is the deadliest of sins—
To seek to justify sin with sophistry.

The Seventh Commandment

Will praise for a concubine wipe out the seventh
commandment?

Is everything serene at midnight, alone,
Now that thou, oh, man of genius, art mentally
mated?

Many years this luminous mentality hath been bud-
ding—

Many years the lawful wife hath borne your joint
infamy.

In this thou art not alone, oh, man of genius.

Others there are who, too, have defied common
decency;

See them bedeck their libidinous consorts with
jewels;

See them purchase the most gorgeous châteaux in
Europe

In which to house their paramours.

They, too, gave way to the mad desires of their
animal natures,

And some of them confounded the proceedings, or
pretended to,

With something intellectual.

Tell me, oh, man of genius,

Hast thou yet to learn, or to acknowledge,

That there is a higher weal than a personal one—

Hast thou forgotten the claims of society as against
the individual?

Or wouldst thou advise all men to follow thine ex-
ample,

Helping thee to sow the dragon-teeth of thy doctrine
And produce a myriad of marital misfits?

Our twofold nature is at times weak and utterly
selfish,
Wicked in accomplishing the desires of its selfish-
ness;
Therefore we expect help for humanity in high
places—
We look for examples of virtue and honor in our
teachers.

But if these abandon decency for license;
If they go hunting for mind-mates,
After, instead of before, marriage;
If they respect not the cries of their conscience and
duty,
We must despair of the struggle for progress.
Back then into the mire of the dark ages—
Back to the age of Rome and Greece, in their de-
cadence,
When harlotry and literature went hand in hand—
And even stern philosophy cackled at the feet of
courtezans.
When every man, mismated or otherwise,
Felt free to choose a new affinity,
And again to discard this affinity, for that matter.

I look around me, I tremble,
For thou, oh, man of genius, art but one of the
symptoms,
One of the pustules of the great disease
Which threatens our divorce-ridden country.
It is infectious, contagious, epidemic;

The Seventh Commandment

It creeps like a hideous reptile or epidemic,
Unhindered, unrebuked, unknifed by our moral surgeons;

It grows fat in the palaces of the wealthy;
It gorges itself in the haunts of plutocracy—
Among the beasts whom Watterson once so valiantly
lashed:

Oh, for a thousand arms like his to wield the
scourge—

To whip the conscience of these gilded sensualists.
And not only these, but their accomplices,
The pot-bellied, well-fed, dumb dogs of the pulpit;
Too fat, too gluttonous, too comfortable to bark—
Too comfortable to more than sniff at this break-
down of morals.

Yea, feed them still more lavishly,
And they will commiserate thee, oh, man of genius,
And with paws of fatness pat thee on the shoulder;
Pity thy poor, mismated condition;
Re-mate thee, for a fee, in one State,
Contrary to the laws of another.

Alas, are we hurrying toward a cataclysm?
Are we becoming moral jelly-fish?
Puling sybarites,
Whining and doting only upon our pleasures—
Our mind's ease,
Our heart's ease,
Our cuddlings,
Our babyings,
Our effeminacies,
Our carnalities?
If the world is running out of sterner stuff,

If we are no longer men, dismiss us, just God.
If we glibly promise, "for better or worse,"
At the sacred altar,
And on the waning of the honeymoon,
Come whining to Thee for a release,
For mind-mating, for purse-mating, for passion-
mating;
If we have not heart and courage to stand, to battle,
To accept the fate we ourselves invited,
Then bid us crawl back to the caves of beasts and
die.

And, oh, ye legislators,
Is it not the eleventh hour
Ere the great clock of Fate strikes to your damna-
tion?
Why not enact just laws and uniform?
Why say in one commonwealth: The adulterer shall
not re-marry,
And freely allow him to glide over the border to
another,
In which his wicked heart's desire,
And that of the shameless one at his side,
Shall be speedily gratified?

Why tempt them then to amble back, laughing at
the law,
Or hurling defiance into the teeth of justice?
Suppress these hideous subterfuges, these mockeries,
Oh, ye legislators,
Or bid the rising generations
To feed on transgression,
With utter contempt for all law.

The Seventh Commandment

But, oh, man of genius,
I am nearly through with my sermon;
I hasten to the amen in the prayer,
And to the benediction.
What of thee and the future?
Truth hath forced me to cry from the housetops
 against thee;
Against thy self-complacency,
Thy pernicious preachments,
As well as the vicious tendency of the times.
The deed is done:
Sugar it no more—
Profane not literature with the breath of adultery;
Or if needs be thou must connect literature with it,
Turn to thy Hawthorne—
Commune with this matchless prober of conscience.
Dost thou remember his brain-burning "Scarlet
 Letter"?
What infinite pity and sorrow and tenderness he
 threw into it?
Re-read it and note how the master regarded adultery—
How the guilty one in his tragedy was not cuddled:
How his misdeed was not palliated with mind-
 mating.
Perhaps with fine scorn thou wilt survey the Puri-
 tan parson:
Perhaps—but for a moment only;
Then the fascination of the narrative
Must regain its mastery over thee,
Stir thee to thy innermost depths,
Make preachments and easy-going philosophy seem
 hideous.

Democracy

Perhaps, under the better impulse,
Thou wilt make a stand,
And say, "I am still a man:
Though I have erred, I am repentant.
I will not boast of mine infidelity to-morrow,
Nor the day after, nor next month, nor next year.
I will seek privacy, reflection;
I will remember that compassion is for the contrite,
And forgiveness for the penitent.
I may yet be relieved of my moral strabismus
And see straight once more;
Yea, and shake off this odious character of Fra
Diavolo."

MOMOTARO

(A tale, simply told by the Hanashika.)

It was years and years ago,
In the kingdom of fair Japan,
There lived a poor old woman,
And also a poor old man.

One day he went to the hills,
And she where the river flows;
He to attend to the haying,
She to the washing of clothes.

And while she was thus employed,
Rubbing the sudsy things,
Something down came tumbling
Into the crystal springs.

Momotaro

The woman, surprised and glad—
A bamboo-pole within reach—
Safely her prize soon landed,
A luscious and mammoth peach.

“Some fruit for my dear old man,”
Quoth she, and with footsteps fleet,
As soon as she’d finished her washing,
She brought it for him to eat.

But when they cut it in two,
There was still a greater surprise,
For out of it now fell, laughing,
A baby with wondering eyes.

A child such as this they had wished
For many and many a year;
And they called it their Momotaro,
Or, little peachling dear.

He received their tenderest care,
And lusty and healthy grew;
And his foster-parents gave him
An education, too.

Oh, no one so strong and brave,
In all the country round;
And as for his youthful wisdom,
No sager child was found.

Democracy

One day to his parents said he:
"I go to the demons' isle;
Now pray that good fortune and riches
May on my venture smile."

They gave him a traveling pouch,
"'Tis necessary," said they,
"To put in it also these dumplings,
To feed you upon the way."

So he sallied forth prepared
For his journey grim and bold;
When by the wayside followed
A dog, who now cried, "Hold!"

"Pray, what hast thou in this pouch?"
He asked as he sniffed with glee.
"The very best millet dumplings."
"For one I will go with thee."

So they struck the bargain there,
And next a monkey, too,
And a glorious winging pheasant,
Joined in the compact true.

Each for a dumpling served,
A happy little band;
And soon in the isle of demons
They arrived and took their stand.

Momotaro

Down comes the mighty gate,
'Neath Momotaro's blows,
And monkey, dog and pheasant
Their valor, too, disclose.

Fiercely the demons fight,
By Akandoji led,
And with great voices yelling,
Fall here and there, like dead.

Then came the final tug,
Between the leaders twain;
With iron club the demon
Our hero sought to brain.

The latter deftly dodged,
Then grappled with his foe;
And soon he had him writhing,
And tied and lying low.

Then Akandoji bawled,
And ransom offered quick.
"All right," said Momotaro,
"But do not play a trick."

The demon kept his word,
And did his treasure bring,
Much gold and precious jewels,
Yea, many a costly thing.

Democracy

And thus it came to pass,
Two people bent and old,
With joy behold returning
Their Momotaro bold.

And thus it came to pass
That they did have a feast,
Their neighbors all invited,
From greatest unto least.

And Momotaro told
How he did win the day,
Assisted by the pheasant,
The dog and monkey gray.

The people all rejoiced,
And Momotaro's name
Was carried with high honor
Unto the hall of fame.

He lived a useful life,
A leader to the end,
And e'er in him the aged
Did have a loving friend.

ADOWN THE LEA

In gentle June our fate was sealed,
For had we not our love revealed?
The trees were green, and so were we,
A-wand'ring down the leafy lea.

Brotherhood

The right to life, to happiness,
Was ours to claim and to possess.
The air was light, and so were we,
A-wand'ring down the leafy lea.

Like twins upon a rosebud stem,
We loved and kissed; and like a gem
The moon smiled down and up did we,
A-wand'ring down the leafy lea.

Ah, love, it was a dream, forsooth,
It was a dream of guileless youth;
For trees are fading, so are we,
A-wand'ring down the autumn lea.

And yet what care we happy twain—
There's One can let us dream again;
For faith is strong, and so are we,
A-wand'ring down the wintry lea.

BROTHERHOOD

Regeneration is the word!
Not all have perished by the sword—
Red blood within their bodies flows
Once more with joyous hammer-blows:
Theirs now the pulse-beat understood
By the new human brotherhood.

Democracy

Love and not malice shall hold sway—
Gone are the hates of yesterday!
And nations, walking arm in arm,
Shall say farewell to war's alarm:
Blue skies have never looked so good
As now to human brotherhood.

Go, sink your navies in the sea—
No use for terror-ships have we;
Go, melt your cannon into bells,
While in one mighty chorus swells
The song conceived in thrilling mood
By this our human brotherhood.

Hail to the toilers great and small,
Our bulwark which shall never fall!
Proudly they bear their banners high,
Inscribed with ev'ry noble cry:
Democracy's beloved brood—
Champions of human brotherhood.

Right here the pearly gates are found—
They open wide on holy ground;
Right here we learn that heaven began
For all who love their fellow-man;
Right here, let it be understood,
We walk with God through brotherhood.

IF THOU WERT DEAD

If thou wert dead, my love, what would I say?
If thou wert gone, sweetheart, what would I do?
Weep o'er thy fair white mansion made of clay,
And kiss thy silent lips and weep anew?

Or would I utter loud distressful cries,
Like some robbed infant for its precious toy,
Beating my breast and calling to the skies,
To give thee back unto thy foolish boy?

"'Twas but a lovers' quarrel," true, too true,
But lovers' quarrels end in tragedy
At times, and fondest hearts do rue
Such petulance as parted thee and me.

If thou wert dead—ah, then each thoughtless word
Would, like an arrow, pierce this heart and brain,
Aye, pierce my conscience like a two-edged sword,
And, having killed me, kill me once again.

MADONNA AND CHILD

(A New Setting.)

Oh, darlingest of all my dear delights,
Which greets me when arriving home o' nights!
Four arms—two larger and two smaller—wait,
With willowy figures at the garden gate.

And, oh, how sweetly they embrace me there,
Declaring that all day they lonely were;
And now I'm theirs, encircled and alone,
And they are mine, enclosed in love's great zone.
The while I gaze on them a look divine
Comes over these two hallowed ones of mine:
Father, through them I worship Thee and know
The truest happiness of mortals here below,
For in my shrine, on which Thou, too, hast smiled,
Dwell my heart's own Madonna and our child.

HOW PEACEFUL ARE THE DEAD

How peaceful are the dead—those features calm
Tell nothing of the tempest which is past,
Tell nothing of the wounds which needed balm,
Tell nothing of the heart which broke at last.

How peaceful are the dead—what joy is theirs
To wing the flight of their unfettered souls,
There where the weary pilgrim homeward fares
And the eternal heaven before him rolls.

How peaceful are the dead—weep not for these,
Weep for the living and the tempest-tossed;
Weep for the toilers on life's angry seas,
Weep for the struggling ones that may be lost.

Yea, weep for them while they are homeward bound,
Or shipwrecked on the cruel rocks are cast,
But weep not for them when the haven's found
And they have peace and happiness at last.

HYMEN'S TORCH

Fairies, spread your gossamer wings,
Bring us showers of dainty things;
Gifts of love and usefulness,
Gifts with which a home to bless,
For these turtle-doves, who would
Enter married life for good.

And, lo, after the happy day,
When love has sobered down to stay,
And from his work he comes each night,
Looking for his guiding light:
May he find her, with arms outspread,
Ready for kisses and unafraid.

DREAMERS

And this was the song
Which all day long
Refrained from the ancient past:
And the dreamers shall wake,
Their stand they shall take,
And their dreams shall come true at last.
Dreamers, dreamers,
Visionaries sublime;
Worlds waiting for you,
To be fashioned anew,
In God's good time.

So do not despair
When men declare
That what you propose cannot be.
Like the heroes of old,
Let your soul become bold,
And your dreams realized you'll see.
Dreamers, dreamers,
Visionaries sublime;
Worlds waiting for you,
To be fashioned anew,
In God's good time.

AT PARTING

A sadness sits upon
My pen, while now I think;
I cannot shake it off
By dipping it in ink,
And as I write, a tear,
Which started from my eye,
Rolls down my long, long nose,
And on the word, "Good-bye."

TEN LITTLE WHEELMEN

Ten little wheelmen, starting all in line;
One of them he couldn't mount, and then there were
nine.

Nine little wheelmen, one without a mate;
The others kicked up such a dust, and then there
were eight.

Eight little wheelmen, going like two-eleven;
One he argued with a dog, and then there were
seven.

Seven little wheelmen trying fancy tricks;
One he took a header, and then there were six.

Six little wheelmen, glad that they're alive;
One he punctured both his tires, and then there were
five.

Five little wheelmen—a wayside inn—a door;
One of them refreshed too much, and then there
were four.

Four little wheelmen, a train of cars they see;
One gave out and got on board, and then there were
three.

Three little wheelmen, riding tried and true;
One he scorched against the law, and then there
were two.

Two little wheelmen, coming from the run;
One he saw a pretty girl, and then there was one.
One little wheelman, desperate and alone;
Sold his wheel and bought a horse, and then there
was none.

SOME DAY.

Some day, when on our journey,
We face the final goal;
When earth shall claim the body,
And heaven shall claim the soul,
My prayer is to survive thee,
But for a moment, dear,
That I may place sweet flowers
Upon thy gentle bier,
That I may press sweet kisses
Upon thy pallid brow,
And say, "Dear Lord, I'm ready
To join her—take me now."

A CHRISTMAS TRUCE

*(Written three years before the World War, and
published in the Union Springs, N. Y., "Advertis-
er" of December 21, 1911.)*

Stop, roaring guns, stop swishing shells,
On battle-fields where murder dwells!
Stop, maddened foes, in death's embrace—
Line up each marred and bloody face!
Stop, musketry, stop, sabre clash!

The Right and Freedom of the Soul

Stop, pistol click and cartridge crash!
Stop, cavalry, unfinished wheel!
Stop, infantry, and hither kneel!
Stop, cry and groan and curse and yell—
Stop, while the skies their story tell!

For, on this beauteous Christmas morn,
When He, the Prince of Peace, was born,
All internecine strife must cease,
All prisoners obtain release,
All mankind learn the lesson great,
That Love shall rule instead of Hate;
That Heaven, instinct with better things,
Is what to earth the Man-God brings;
That Brotherhood from zone to zone,
Shall be the rule and that alone;
That nevermore shall peoples, free,
Make war at Tyrants' foul decree;
That nevermore shall "Peace on Earth"
Arouse the cynic's bitter mirth;
But henceforth, in reality,
Shall truth and not hypocrisy
Prevail among all nations here,
At peace upon this earthly sphere;
Then, too, forever shall abide
The lesson of the Christmastide.

THE RIGHT AND FREEDOM OF THE
SOUL

Stop trying to pour us through old funnels
Into your bottles here below;

Stop trying to push us through old tunnels
Into the great dim afterglow;
For there are as many ways to glory
As the stars that shimmer from pole to pole,
And we propose to broach the story
Of the right and freedom of the soul.

Glorious liberties have been wrested
From rank oppression's ancient rule;
High roll the waves with progress crested,
But man is an infant still at school.
When will he crown his education?
When will he rise to heights sublime?
When will he find a new creation,
Linking the infinite here with time?

Then shall he tell his would-be sponsors,
Bursting the bonds which creeds impose:
Gentlemen, you have your answers—
Us in your heaven you can't enclose:
It would choke us and send us gasping
Into the purer air of hell;
Therefore, stop your sawing and rasping—
Go to your paradise, guard it well.

You, who have robbed and sent us howling,
Day by day, on this earthly sphere—
We with you go cheek-by-jowling,
Singing hosannas over there?
Nay, with great and solemn devotion,
We would implore the Father outside:
"Save us, oh, Lord, from such a notion,
Far from that gang self-sanctified."

My Song

There must be room in God's great ether—

A myriad mansions yonder shine;

Therefore, you need not ask us whether

For the rich man's heaven we would pine:

For there are as many ways to glory,

As the stars that shimmer from pole to pole,

And we propose to broach the story

Of the right and freedom of the soul.

MY SONG

If I should have the power

To help thee, with my song,

To while away an hour

Which erstwhile seemed too long,

What happiness 'twould be

For him who sings for thee.

Or if on bed of pain

Outstretched, or ill at ease,

Some note or sweet refrain

I sang should chance to please,

The pleasure would be mine

As much as it would thine.

And, oh, sweet, pensive thought,

Should I delighted be

To find the songs I brought

Have found response in thee,

Heaven would, indeed, descend

Upon thy loving friend.

THE SEA-SERPENT

A TALE OF HYPNOTISM AND CRIME

Comic Opera in Three Acts

Characters Represented:

CAPTAIN TARTARUS, a pirate.

PENDRAGON, New York *Herald* reporter.

BUTCHERBOY, first mate.

ICHABOD, second mate.

BAMBOULA, a slave-dealer.

PIROLA, a daughter of Capt. Tartarus.

MOLLY, pirate apprentice.

POLLY, pirate apprentice.

DOLLY, pirate apprentice.

Pirates, apprentices, savages, etc., and the Cook.

ACT I

Scene: On board the pirate man-of-war "Blue-Devil," off the Coast of Africa. Time: Day-break.

CHORUS. FEMALE PIRATE APPRENTICES

How beautiful the dawn upon the waters deep
Which we behold upon awaking from our sleep!

How beautiful the day,
Upon its shimmering way,
But, alas, its beauty only serves to make us weep!

Democracy

For we do not care to sail upon the ocean blue,
Apprentices unto a hateful pirate crew,
 And if we had our way
 No longer we would stay,
But home to our mammas we all would fly—boo!
 boo!

The butcheries we often witness make us sick;
The hangings make us dizzy, they occur so thick.
 Oh, if we had our way
 No longer we would stay,
But from this scene of carnage we would fly, quick,
 quick!

The boobies, too, with them would have us fall in
 love,
And let us do the courting, too, as well; by Jove!
 Thus far we've held the day,
 We will not court them—nay,
Each one can be his own dear little turtledove.

So, in revenge, they tell us we have got to fight,
As part of our co-education and our right.
 But if we had our way
 We would not fight, nor stay,
But home to our mammas we all would fly to-night.

Enter CAPTAIN TARTARUS, BUTCHERBOY AND
 PIRATES

PIRATES (*derisively*)

 But if we had our way
 We would not fight, nor stay,
But home to our papas we all would fly to-night!

What, whining again, young sea-dogs! Is this the reward for our efforts in your behalf? Is this the gratitude you show for your emancipation and the blessings of co-education? Let me hear no more of it, but, on the contrary, let me hope that you have by this time made up your minds to fall in love with this gentlemanly crew (*Pirates execute an impromptu horn-pipe*), and that you will woo them as they deserve, and as is your undoubted right.

Song ICHABOD AND PIRATES

Oh, gently woo us, maidens fair.

We would be wooed, we do declare;

We're not too young—we're not too
giddy—

We'd pull in harness, pretty steady—

So, gently woo us, maidens fair.

PIRATES

We're not too young—we're not too giddy—

We'd pull in harness, pretty steady—

So, gently woo us, maidens fair.

ICHABOD

We've waited, oh, these many years,

For you to woo us, pretty dears;

But leap-years come and leap-years go,

And still we're waiting, so, so, so—

So, gently woo us, pretty dears.

PIRATES

But leap-years come and leap-years go,
And still we're waiting, so, so, so—
So, gently woo us, pretty dears.

Recitative. CAPTAIN TARTARUS

The depth of their mad yearning for affection
Surpasses all belief:
Yet see the heroes hold it in subjection
And wear a mask to hide their grief.
Thus, thus my orders they obey,
To wait forever and a day
If need be, ere they go proposing
Or making love, my will opposing;
"Restrain," said I, "each amorous glance,
And give the ladies a chance."

Song CAPTAIN TARTARUS AND CHORUS

For, I'm a champion of fair dames,
An upholder of their claims,
In fact, that's what has brought me here,
On troubled waves my bark to steer;
For it is my motto
That we have got to
Give the ladies a chance.

The Sea-Serpent

CHORUS

Alas, it is his motto
That all of {^{us}_{them}} have got to
Give the ladies a chance.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Should they cry for manly toil,
Such as tilling of the soil,
Or mining coal, or felling trees,
I'd say, "My dears, just as you please,"
For it is my motto
That we have got to
Give the ladies a chance.

CHORUS

Again, again that motto—
He says that {^{we}_{they}} have got to
Give the ladies a chance.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Should we find them strongly willed
A few pyramids to build,
Or aqueducts, or a ten-league gun:
Why, let 'em build—" 'Twill be such fun!"
For it is my motto
That we have got to
Give the ladies a chance.

Democracy

CHORUS

Once more, once more his motto,
He holds that {^{we}_{they}} have got to
Give the ladies a chance.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

If they'd rather go to war,
And their pretty faces scar,
I'd say, "My dears, just go and try
How jolly 'tis to fight and die!"
For it is my motto
That we have got to
Give the ladies a chance.

CHORUS

We will obey his motto
Even though {^{we}_{they}} have got to
Give the ladies a chance.

Recitative ICHABOD, CAPTAIN TARTARUS AND
PENDRAGON

Ahoy! Ahoy there! Ahoy!
Look, Captain, look! Look Butcherboy!
Can it be some new torpedo
To serve ourselves as others we do?

The Sea-Serpent

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Alas, alas, behold, the universal craving,
For love hath turned his brain—next we may see
him raving.

(Takes glass from Butcherboy and looks.)

But, by our skull and cross-bones! it is something
truly!

Just turn the guns upon it, should it prove unruly.

Ahoy, ahoy there! ahoy!

Pendragon (In the distance).

Ahoy yourself, ahoy!

Enter PIROLA

Air PIROLA, CHORUS AND PENDRAGON

What voice is that that strikes so strangely on mine
ear?

Papa, oh, pray, what voice is that?

CHORUS

Ahoy! Ahoy!

PENDRAGON

Ahoy!

PIROLA

I do declare, it makes me feel so queer—

It makes my heart go pit-a-pat!

Democracy

CHORUS

Ahoy! Ahoy!

PENDRAGON

Ahoy!

PIROLA

I dreamed of mermaids going a-fishing, all last
night—

Papa, each mermaid caught a fish.

CHORUS

Ahoy! Ahoy!

PENDRAGON

Ahoy!

PIROLA

But I was left alone, without a bite,
And all unanswered was my wish.

CHORUS

Ahoy! Ahoy!

The Sea-Serpent

PENDRAGON

Ahoy!

PIROLA

And then the merry mermaids and the fishes sang,
And 'mid their song I heard a voice;

CHORUS

Ahoy! Ahoy!

PENDRAGON

Ahoy!

PIROLA

And as I listened through my heart there shot a
pang,
For, lo, another had my choice!

Recitative ICHABOD AND BUTCHERBOY

Who can it be?

He surely is exhausted.

A marvel 'tis to me

That he thus long has lasted.

But shall he sink, while here we stand?

Or shall we lend a helping hand?

BUTCHERBOY

What's this I hear?

A pretty pirate you are!

My friend, I fear

You to our creed untrue are.

List! I'll explain, while here we stand,

Our doctrine of the helping hand:

Song BUTCHERBOY AND CHORUS

No friendly hand

To him outstretch;

Just let him sink,

Unhappy wretch!

This world is ours

And not for him;

So, let him sink—

He cannot swim.

CHORUS

How apt the words which rise at his command
To tell ^{our}_{theirs} doctrine of the helping hand.

BUTCHERBOY

True, once a hand

Did ours clasp

And help us, thus,

Our chance to grasp;

But that was us—

Not such as him;

The Sea-Serpent

So, let him sink—
He cannot swim.

CHORUS

Such are the principles of this {^{our}_{their}} band;
To sinking people stretch no helping hand.

BUTCHERBOY

We'll brag of what
Success we've won,
Despising him
Who's nothing done;
For this was us—
Not such as him;
So, let him sink—
He cannot swim

CHORUS

This doctrine all true pirates understand;
So, pause before you lend a helping hand.

Spoken. ICHABOD

Ah, but he doesn't need our assistance, after all. In
fact, it looks very much like Paul Boynton, the
man-fish.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Paul Boynton, the man-fish! Can it be that he is
here to court death in African waters? If so,
haul him in and let him walk the gang-plank.

PIRATE APPRENTICES

Oh, must he walk the gang-plank?

PIRATES (*fiercely*)

Yes, let him walk the gang-plank!

BUTCHERBOY

Good! Those are my sentiments.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Aye, aye, my lads! He is no better, I dare say, than those who have gone before—food for fishes, as Falstaff used to say.

BUTCHERBOY

Food for powder, were his exact words, Captain.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Ha, fellow! Wouldst ever contradict me in public? (draws) But, no—we will postpone this literary controversy for the present. Haul him in there, you young sea-dogs, and stop your whimpering. Stand back and give them a chance, my gallant crew. Ah, be careful of his swimming-suit—— I want that for myself when he adorns the yard-arm.

The Sea-Serpent

Recitative PIRATE APPRENTICES

When he adorns the yard-arm—
Thus hath our Captain spoken;
When he adorns the yard-arm—
Let's wail in accents broken.

CHORUS

When he adorns the yard-arm—so!—so!
When he adorns the yard-arm—so!—so!
Ye-ho! ye-hoi! ye-ho! ye-hoi!
Hang there, oh, hang there, my pretty, pretty boy!

Spoken. BUTCHERBOY

Excuse me, Captain, but I must refresh your
memory.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS (*aside*)

I'd rather he would refresh my œsophagus.

BUTCHERBOY

You first intimated that he was to walk the gang-
plank.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Ha! Did I? Wouldst pick a quarrel with me, in
spite of my forbearance? (Draws.) But, no

Democracy

—we will settle this later. (To Pendragon)
Ah, Paul Boynton, to what are we indebted
for this early morning call?

PENDRAGON

I am not Paul Boynton.

CHORUS

He is not Paul Boynton!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Then, pray who and what are you?

PENDRAGON

My name is Pendragon, and I am a New York
Herald reporter.

CHORUS.

A New York *Herald* reporter!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Now, by my faith, if I were a Mussulman—or, in
other words, an oyster-pirate—I would say,
Allah be praised for this good fortune! What,
ho! there—provide the best accommodations on

The Sea-Serpent

board this ship for the reporter. See him well bestowed, as Falstaff said of the players.

BUTCHERBOY

It was Hamlet who made that remark, Captain.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS (*severely*)

As Falstaff said of the players—let the reporter take off his armor and refresh himself; after that we will listen to the adventures which brought him here. (*Exit Pendragon.*)

Recitative. PIROLA, MOLLY, POLLY, DOLLY, CAPTAIN TARTARUS, BUTCHERBOY AND CHORUS

Molly, Polly, Dolly,
Pray, forgive my folly,
Respect my idle whim—
Go, intercede for him.

MOLLY (*kneeling*)

Oh, have mercy, dearest Captain,
Pity our alarm.

POLLY

Do not hang him, sweetest Captain,
To the grim yard-arm.

DOLLY

Do not make him walk the gang-plank—
Save this one from harm.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Mercy? Yard-arm? Gang-plank? What a fuss!
Ho! ho! ho! ho! my pretty birds.
Nay, fascinate him—make him one of us,
And do not mind those hasty words.

CHORUS

Ne'er mind the words—don't make a fuss—
But charm him, make him one of us!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Aye, wipe your eyes, my dear ones, thus;
He must indeed be one of us.

BUTCHERBOY (*aside*)

He must, indeed, old man, he must—
"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust!"

Song. BUTCHERBOY

Says the buzzard to the owl,
You are one of us!
Says the fox unto the fowl,
You are one of us!

The Sea-Serpent

Says the lion to the lamb,
Says the shark unto the clam—
You are one of us!

Enter PENDRAGON

Spoken. CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Ah, my good fellow, I hope my men have treated
you well.

PENDRAGON

Excellently, Captain.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

You were saying, you are a reporter?

PENDRAGON

Yes, I have been such almost from infancy. Beautiful morning—beautiful scenery, Captain. Beautiful young ladies! (*Pirate Apprentices all courtesy.*) Quite a family!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Yes, and all mine—by adoption.

Recitative PENDRAGON AND CAPTAIN TARTARUS

You have evidently gone into the paternal business
On a most extensive scale;

And if beauty is a joy forever
Your spring of happiness should never fail.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Just so, my friend, just so—
You seem to catch my aim;
And now I'll briefly let you know
How you can do the same.

Song. CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Would you have an option
On a handsome family?
Go, and by adoption
Make yourself a pedigree.
Pretty orphans gather,
As you would a string of pearls,
Be to them a father—
A father of a hundred girls.

CHORUS

And though not one of them should be
The daughter of a hundred earls,
'Tis clear that such a man could be
The father of a hundred girls.

The Sea-Serpent

Ensemble. PIROLA, MOLLY, POLLY, DOLLY, PENDRAGON, CAPTAIN TARTARUS, BUTCHERBOY
AND CHORUS

Molly, Polly, Dolly,
Pray, excuse this folly—
Make interrogation
About his life and station.

MOLLY

Please, sir, tell us now of your adventures.

POLLY

Also, are you out of your indentures?

DOLLY

Give us some particulars of your life.

MOLLY

And *do* tell us have you got—a wife?

PENDRAGON

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh, what a jest!
Although 'tis quite amusing,
When such fair lips make such request,
There is no use refusing.

A wife? Alas, I must confess
I ne'er had such a treasure,
Although I would some day possess
A little wife, with pleasure.
I dreamed of such a happy fate,
This morn, at early dawning,
But found myself without a mate
When I awoke, still yawning.
And sad and lonely, back I sank
Upon my liquid pillow,
As in the dreary scene I drank
Upon the rolling billow.
Just then across the morning sky,
Like banners faintly gleaming,
In yonder rigging, high and dry,
I saw some stockings streaming.

PIRATE APPRENTICES

Our pretty stockings! Oh, good gracious!
How dared he look! Oh, how audacious!

PENDRAGON

Nay, pardon me if thus I guessed
The fact of your existence;
And knowing it, I could not rest
Till I had swum the distance.
Had I but dared, on closer view,
To thus disturb your slumbers,
I would have serenaded you
In amatory numbers.

The Sea-Serpent

PIRATE APPRENTICES

He'd serenade *us*, oh, good gracious!
Was ever man quite so audacious?

BUTCHERBOY

How lucky that he did refrain—
He ne'er would serenade again.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS .

And may I ask, how came you to espy,
At early dawn, our laundry hung to dry?
In other words, how came you thus afloat,
Upon the waters deep, without a boat?

PENDRAGON

Last night, all unexpectedly, some infernal pirates,
By means of a torpedo, kindly offered us sky-rates;
In other words, they suddenly blew up the *Herald*
cruiser,
While of the great Sea-Serpent I was trying to get
a view, sir.

CHORUS

The sea-serpent?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

What, what, the sea-serpent?

CHORUS

The sea-serpent! The sea-serpent!
Horrors upon horrors, see him glide!
The sea-serpent! The sea-serpent!
Horrors upon horrors, let us hide!
(*Exeunt Chorus.*)

Spoken. CAPTAIN TARTARUS

'Tis the only thing, the bare mention of which will utterly demoralize them. Ichabod, remember the eyes of the Press are upon us: heed the example of your superior officers. Never fear, Pirola, nothing shall harm thee, child. (*To Pendragon*) And now, sir, may I ask, would you recognize those devilish pirates again, if you saw them?

BUTCHERBOY

He said "infernal," Captain.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS (*aside*)

Hair-splitting villain!

The Sea-Serpent

PENDRAGON

It was very dark, and I do not know of a certainty that they were pirates. I called them such on general principles.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Ah!

PENDRAGON

I was just starting out from the vessel, in my rubber suit, to take a flash-light picture of the monster whose eyeballs, I was assured, were glaring at us over the dark waters, when the crash came and all on board went down. I am the only survivor.

Recitative PIROLA, CAPTAIN TARTARUS, ICHABOD AND BUTCHERBOY

He is the only survivor!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

How very few survive!

ICHABOD

He is the only survivor!

BUTCHERBOY

He may yet take a dive!

Quartette CAPTAIN TARTARUS, BUTCHERBOY,
 ICHABOD and PIROLA

The only survivor—ah, pity, pity him!
Saved from the jaws of death, of death so grim,
 While all around him sank,
 Those who could not get a plank,
And, having not a plank, how could they swim?

The only survivor—oh, hear old ocean roar!
While down to cruel graves the awful billows bore
 His many fellow-men,
 The hero of the pen
Was singled out by fate to get ashore.

Recitative CAPTAIN TARTARUS and PENDRAGON

And now, excuse us,
Pray, don't refuse us,
 Some further information of your curious chase.
I have been musing,
How came you cruising
 For serpents and such monsters in this far-off
 place?

PENDRAGON

I will excuse you,
I'll not refuse you

The Sea-Serpent

Some further information of my curious chase.
It is amusing,
How I came cruising
For serpents and such monsters in this far-off
place.

Song PENDRAGON

A reporter goes for news
(Fearing no competitor),
In accordance with the views
Of his high chief editor;
And he asks not why nor wherefore but he goes.
Now on land, and now on sea,
Restlessly and fearlessly,
His daily avocation he pursues.
And if, in his wild career,
He does things a little queer
To those who uninitiated are,
'Tis because he's sorely pressed
Each day to outdo his best
For his readers who with horrors sated are.
He'll explore a burning mine;
'Round the world he'll draw a line;
He'll describe the Cholera or Yellow Jack;
Then to prison he'll be sent,
In a mad-house he'll be pent,
Just to give the beastly management a whack.
Up in aeroplanes to dwell,
Or down in a diving-bell,
Is a pastime for this man of adamant;
Now upon the North-Pole bent,
By his paper he is sent,

Or to go and look for Stanley he's despatched;
Now on battle-fields he writes,
And occasionally fights,
Should the army need his help when overmatched.
These and other things a true
Gatherer of news will do—
Nothing is too high or low for him to touch.
One day interviewing kings,
Emperors and other things,
Next among the very slums he'll dig for news;
Giving Billy Sunday points
How to curse and raid the joints,
Or upon the latest prize-fight get some views.

Spoken CAPTAIN TARTARUS

You amaze me! But all this does not—except,
perhaps by inference—explain how you came to
be chasing the——

PENDRAGON

Sea-serpent? It was all owing to our contest of
ideas.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Your what?

PENDRAGON

Our contest of ideas: The reporter who submits
the best news-idea during the year gets a

The Sea-Serpent

Christmas turkey. My idea was that it would be a big advertisement for us to explore the sea-serpent—to prove whether it is a fact or a hoax. I obtained my turkey, but with it a sauce I had not expected.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

And what was that?

PENDRAGON

My chief gave me the assignment.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

The what?

PENDRAGON

The undertaking—the work to do. A vessel was fitted out, manned with scientists and other learned men, and placed at my disposal.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

And thus handicapped you dared set sail?

PIROLA

Alas!

PENDRAGON

Yes, and we believed ourselves upon the very verge of success when disaster overtook us. Not one of the scientific gentlemen escaped, and, as I said before, I alone am left to write up the story.

Recitative PENDRAGON AND CAPTAIN TARTARUS

And now that I have given such an account of myself as from your guest is due,
Pray, will you have the kindness to inform our readers who are you?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS (aside)

What joy is mine! What joy is mine!
At last I'm to be interviewed.
What shall I say? What shall I do?
How shall I strike an attitude?

PENDRAGON, BUTCHERBOY AND PIROLA

What joy is his! What joy is his!
At last he's to be interviewed.
What shall he say? What shall he do?
How shall he strike an attitude?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

In answer to your pertinent inquiry, I may say, sir,
if I please:

The Sea-Serpent

We are peaceable citizens sailing for pleasure and
profit on the seas.

PENDRAGON

As a reporter I'm bound to believe you, and yet my
credulity staggers
When I look around and behold this superabun-
dant of pistols and daggers.
But I can imagine, if need be, and thus avoid being
personal,
That each man is a theological student, instead of a
walking arsenal.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS (*aside*)

How deep the cunning of his art!
How admirable is his tact!
He is the genuine article—
He's a reporter, that's a fact!

PENDRAGON, BUTCHERBOY AND PIROLA

How deep the cunning of his art, etc.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Nay, let me entreat you, mistake not our men or
their quality,
For all that you have beheld, sir, is only an armed
neutrality.

Democracy

Our intentions are peaceful and honorable—to the
contrary no one can say—
If we are only let alone and are allowed to have
our way.

PENDRAGON

Ah, sir, and do I understand, when the angry bil-
lows roll,
Here and there, from passing merchantmen, you oc-
casionally take toll?
Of course, I do not intimate that for gain these
men you fleece—
'Tis only to repay you for the wear and tear of
keeping the peace.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

How very delicately put!
How diplomatic! How refined!
How greatly honored is this ship!
To embrace him I have half a mind.

PENDRAGON, BUTCHERBOY AND PIROLA

How very delicately put, etc.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Ha! ha! ha! ha! that is not bad!
You are a most ingenious lad.
In plainer or more gentlemanly language

The Sea-Serpent

You could not down have laid
The law that we are pirates—
Right you are—a spade's a spade!

PENDRAGON

Aha!

And pray, what caused you to become
A pirate—was it drinking rum?
How long have you a pirate been?
And would you do it all again?
And do you like the business quite?
And do you always think it right?
How many have you killed to date?
Your stolen treasure quickly state.
And is it buried good and deep?
And do you ever soundly sleep?
Your ancestors, from ancient times—
Give me their names and all their crimes;
How many years they served in jail;
State how they died; and do not fail
To tell if their example bright
Caused you to steer your course aright;
In other words, do you believe
That from the dead you did receive
Your impulse to indulge in crime?
And do you feel it every time?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Support me—oh, support me!
I thought a blizzard blew.
And would you thus report me?
Is this an interview?

Democracy

PENDRAGON

It is the skirmish-line of one,
The interview is scarce begun.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Then let us go below and drink till I am in condition
To undergo, with steady nerves, this pleasant inquisition.

BUTCHERBOY

If he dares to repeat those questions I may be
obliged to shoot him down.
I despise this prying reporter, and don't care for
his smile nor his frown.

PIROLA

No doubt he has cause to despise him and all of his
race—ha! ha! ha!
For they once wrote him up and he vanished at
night in disgrace—tra! la! la!

BUTCHERBOY (*aside*)

The voice of love is in her mocking laugh;
She is intoxicated quite.
It makes me yearn to write his epitaph
With murderous delight,

The Sea-Serpent

For now on my revenge I do decide;
Of him I will be rid;
And she—though drenched with tears—shall be my
bride!
I swear by Captain Kidd!

PENDRAGON

Come, come, now give your reasons why
The tariff will make wages high;
Your views upon the suffrage bill
Will help a column, too, to fill.

Of woman and the higher sphere
Give your opinion freely here,
And on co-education, too,
We must have quite a lengthy view.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

That sort of interview I do not mind,
So come below and I will talk you blind.

PIROLA

Papa, oh don't get ill again
As you did with Captain Milligan.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Nay, daughter, nay—perhaps one friendly sip:
Your mother ne'er did chide me for a friendly nip.

Democracy

PIROLA

Oh, stranger, tempt him not!
Respect his many years;
Remove from this poor heart
Its palpitating fears.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS, BUTCHERBOY, ICHABOD AND
PENDRAGON

BUTCHERBOY AND ICHABOD.—Oh, stranger, tempt
him not, etc.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS.—Oh, stranger, tempt me not,
etc.

PENDRAGON.—Nay, I will tempt him not, etc.
(Exeunt.)

Enter MOLLY, POLLY AND DOLLY

Thus we were,
And thus we are,
Each one grown
To a pretty little tar;
Blushing buds
In pink and blue
Now are members
Of a pirate crew.
Molly, Polly, Dolly dance!
For a husband you've a chance!
If you'll only catch him, catch him, catch him!
If you'll only catch him, catch him, quick.

The Sea-Serpent

POLLY

For this is leap-year.

DOLLY

Why is it leap-year?

MOLLY

Because, 'tis said, old maids all leap for joy
As they go nosing
Around, proposing
To some unfortunate, poor little boy.

DOLLY

And this is leap-year?

MOLLY

Oh, happy leap-year.

DOLLY

When maidens coy may say, "I'll be your wife";

POLLY

And when, like frogs,
Headlong in bogs,
The wise old bachelors may leap for life.

Democracy

MOLLY

I do believe we are becoming merry.

DOLLY

Alas, not I.

POLLY

Still harping on our lot, my little cherry?

DOLLY

I'd like to cry.

MOLLY

My love, I fear you'll never make a pirate.

DOLLY

I'd rather die.

POLLY

If Tartarus should hear, 'twould make him irate.

DOLLY

Yet care not I.

The Sea-Serpent

MOLLY

So young and sad!
Ah, Polly, pray tell me, can't something be done
To liven her up, like a dear little one?

POLLY

I'll make her glad!
I'll tell her of some one who's ready to kiss,
If she will but pop, like a dear little miss.

MOLLY

For it is leap-year!

POLLY

Yes, it is leap-year!

MOLLY

And younger maidens, too, may leap for joy!

POLLY

For on this man-of-war—

MOLLY

We know there's many a tar—

POLLY

Who would be glad to be her darling boy.

Trio. DOLLY, MOLLY AND POLLY

No such darling for me—
I want no little tar!
For I'm sick of the sea,
And this old man-of-war!

MOLLY AND POLLY

Oh, what rank heresy!
She wants no little tar!
She is sick of the sea,
And this old man-of-war!

DOLLY

You may rock me to sleep,
In my hammock at home,
And I'll dream of the deep
And its billows a-foam.

MOLLY AND POLLY

She will dream of the deep
And its billows a-foam,
As we rock her to sleep
In her hammock at home.

The Sea-Serpent

DOLLY

I will dream of each tar
Like a ghost that has fled,
And this old man-of-war
With its numberless dead.

MOLLY AND POLLY

She will dream of each tar,
In a shadowy way,
And this old man-of-war
And its company gay.

DOLLY

I will dream of the deep
In my hammock at home,
And I'll pray, while I sleep,
That no more I may roam.

MOLLY AND POLLY

While we rock her to sleep,
In her hammock at home,
She will pray, she will weep,
That no more she may roam.

Spoken POLLY

Cheer up, sister, cheer up! You think you are
home-sick, but you are not.

Democracy

DOLLY

Ah, if I only knew what it meant—there is a kind
of pain—a goneness here—such as I never felt
before.

MOLLY

Why, that is love!

DOLLY

Ah, do you think so? Are you certain?

MOLLY AND POLLY

We are positive—at least, we have heard so!

Recitative. POLLY, DOLLY AND MOLLY

For, there is one
Aboard this old hull she is dying to woo!

DOLLY

Oh, how can you say it is I? It is you!

MOLLY

We're guilty one and all,
So let us make confession.

The Sea-Serpent

POLLY

In love with him let's fall
And scramble for possession.

DOLLY

With him? Which him?

POLLY

The hymn of our devotion.

MOLLY

Our morning hymn.

POLLY

Our evening hymn.

MOLLY

And every other kind of hymn.
That goes well on the ocean.

DOLLY

Oh, what a whim!
They sing of him
As if he were a kind of song.

Democracy

POLLY

Ah, then you see
Who it can be?

MOLLY

She understands—come, come along!

DOLLY

Then, must we rivals be?

POLLY.

For, friendly rivals three
Are Molly——

POLLY

Polly——

DOLLY

Dolly!

ALL

Thus we were,
And thus we are,
Each one grown

The Sea-Serpent

To a pretty little tar;
Blushing buds
In pink and blue
Now are members
Of a pirate crew!
Molly, Polly, Dolly dance!
For a husband you've a chance?
If you'll only catch him, catch him, catch
him!
If you'll only catch him, catch him quick!
(Exeunt.)

Enter BUTCHERBOY AND ICHABOD

Recitative BUTCHERBOY AND ICHABOD

The lesson of the helping hand
Now you will heed.

ICHABOD

Yes, yes, I understand
The pirate's creed.

BUTCHERBOY

You are not wanting in intelligence, although lately
promoted from the ranks.

ICHABOD

For which promotion to the shark who gobbled my
predecessor I owe thanks.

BUTCHERBOY

Ne'er mind his fate,
But listen, mate:

Duet BUTCHERBOY AND ICHABOD

I will teach you to be a villain—
I will train you to wade in gore.

ICHABOD

Like Barkis, sir, I am willin',
But there is failure, I fear, in store.

BUTCHERBOY

Come, come, sir, now, no trembling:
I will show you just how 'tis done.

ICHABOD

Aye, aye, sir, my fears I'm dissembling,
But I'm afraid it will be no fun.

BUTCHERBOY

The first thing you want is a motive,
The best one, by far, is revenge;
For this many offerings votive
Have been burnt since the days of Stone-
henge.

The Sea-Serpent

ICHABOD.

Revenge! I like that word!

BUTCHERBOY

Aha, I've struck the chord!

ICHABOD

It says, Live! live!
And triumph over foes;
It says, Give, give,
For blow a hundred blows.

BUTCHERBOY

Then let us dedicate this day
Unto Revenge.

ICHABOD

I'll do it, if you lead the way,
By great Stonehenge!

BUTCHERBOY

Swear by the rising sun you will be true!

ICHABOD

I swear I will be true as steel to you!

Democracy

BUTCHERBOY

Swear by our Captain's nose, you will be game!

ICHABOD

The sun—our Captain's nose—'tis all the same!

BUTCHERBOY

And now that with revenge we burn,
Let us upon our victims turn
And boldly say
Who, who are they.

ICHABOD

Ah, who can it be
But the Daughters of Eve,
So delightful to see,
And so prone to deceive!
They have laughed us to scorn,
They have shamefully guyed us,
Even this very morn
Their love they denied us.

BUTCHERBOY

Yes, and not only this,
When they might us enravish,
All the showers of bliss
Which on us they might lavish

The Sea-Serpent

They are ready to waste
At the feet of another—
With revenge let us haste,
Or with rage I may smother.

BOTH

With revenge let us haste,
Or with rage we may smother.

Spoken. ICHABOD

I see blood in your eye. You evidently intend to
massacre them.

BUTCHERBOY

No, I do not intend to kill them—there is a worse
fate in store for them. They shall be sold
into slavery.

ICHABOD

Into slavery? Oh, have you no pity?

BUTCHERBOY

Throw pity to the sharks! You are not weakening?

Democracy

ICHABOD

Oh, no, no, no! And still, shall we have no other reward except this bare revenge?

BUTCHERBOY

We shall! I have decided that each shall retain, as his prize, at least one haughty beauty.

ICHABOD

Yes, one is quite enough!

BUTCHERBOY

And with this exception, every soul on board, both male and female, shall be sold to Bamboula for spot cash.

ICHABOD

Both male and female? You do not mean to consign the whole ship to this infamous doom?

BUTCHERBOY

My scheme of vengeance makes a clean sweep; no other plan would be absolutely safe.

The Sea-Serpent

ICHABOD

Ah, but how shall we two overcome them all?

BUTCHERBOY

Nothing could be easier. Listen: You shall remain behind and corrupt the crew. Inspire them with superstitious horror so that they will refuse to go in search of the sea-serpent.

ICHABOD

The sea-serpent! Yes, yes! Good, very good!

BUTCHERBOY

Also approach the apprentices: Work on their discontent: Show them the hardships of a pirate's life and make them see that they are shamefully underpaid. In short, get them to strike for higher wages and to refuse to sing the Evening Hymn of Praise to Captain Kidd until their demands are complied with.

ICHABOD

It shall be done—nay, consider it done already.

BUTCHERBOY

Stir up a big rumpus, and when it is at its height those shall arrive who will attend to the sequel.

Democracy

ICHABOD

But are you sure Bamboula will not fail you?

BUTCHERBOY

As sure as I am that we are near his coast.

ICHABOD

You re-assure me—for a moment I saw a vision of the gang-plank.

BUTCHERBOY

The reporter shall walk it, so that your vision may prove true! And now farewell, and see that your courage will prove equal to your villainy.

ICHABOD

My courage? Ha, ha, ha, that's good! My courage? Ha, ha, ha, sir, no man shall ever say that Ichabod's courage failed him!

BUTCHERBOY

All right, Icky—remember our revenge—

The Sea-Serpent

Duet BUTCHERBOY AND ICHABOD

This very day
I'm taken ill,
And go below
To make my will—
Or words to that effect.

ICHABOD.

Alack a-day!
He's taken ill
And goes below
To make his will.

BUTCHERBOY

This very night,
When you "raise Cain,"
I shall return
With might and main,—
Or words to that effect.

ICHABOD

This very night
When we "raise Cain,"
He will return
With might and main—
Or words to that effect.
(Exeunt.

Enter PENDRAGON

PENDRAGON

In sooth, a fairish morning's work—
I've pumped him dry, or I'm a Turk!
My note-book's ready now to burst
With pirate stories of the worst.
Oh, what a hue and cry 'twill raise
When this shall meet the public gaze.
Ah, what a gory page is there—
Blood, blood and slaughter everywhere.
Of scuttled ships and murdered crews
I have the first exclusive news.
The bloodiest of cut-throats he
That ever domineered the sea.
No quarter e'er he gave to man,
Since his career of crime began.
But strange to say, of womankind
There are a few that mercy find.
The prettiest he will adopt—
The rest into the sea are dropped!
 Ah, fortunate am I
 This pirate to espy,
 And fortunate as well
 To live the tale to tell!
But still more fortunate, I trow,
I have his solemn promise now
To take his crew and chase for me
The fabled monster of the sea.

Enter PIROLA

The Sea-Serpent

PIROLA

Sir, you have disregarded
A daughter's earnest prayer;
Sir, you have thus rewarded
A daughter's tender care ;
In spite of my endeavor
My father thus find I!
No doubt you thought it clever—
But for this, sir, you shall die,
For this, sir, you shall die!

PENDRAGON

What, die, and all unarmed?

PIROLA

Nay, then be not alarmed,
But take this, while another
I'll borrow from some one or other!
(*Casts pistol at his feet. Exit*).

PENDRAGON

Whew! What a little gypsy!
She means it, I declare;
Alas, he would get tipsy,
In spite of all my care!

Re-enter PIROLA

Democracy

PIROLA

Although you've disregarded
A daughter's earnest prayer,
And though you've thus rewarded
A daughter's tender care,
Yet know that I have spoken
The words I would recall,
And though my heart be broken
Yet I'll forgive it all.
Nay, turn not on me those dark eyes—
I hope you will yourself despise.

PENDRAGON

Thanks for your clemency,
Oh, lady fair!
And you despise me not
I'll not despair.

PIROLA

Is that a compliment?

PENDRAGON

I said just what I meant.

PIROLA

Nay, nay, sir, have a care!

The Sea-Serpent

PENDRAGON

It is the truth, I swear!

PIROLA

Yet I've been told
That men make bold
 With flattery to win their way.
Well do I know
It must be so
 For that is what my nurse did say.
She held me on her knee
And sang this song to me:

Air. PIROLA

Pretty little eyes, how many
 Glances shall he have from thee?
Tell him, little eyes, not any,
 That will far the wiser be.

Pretty little lips, how many
 Kisses shall he steal from thee?
Tell him, little lips, not any.
 That will far the wiser be.

Pretty little ears, how many
 Messages of love wouldst hear?
Tell him, little ears, not any,
 That will be the wiser, dear.

PENDRAGON

Alas, a cruel nurse was she!

PIROLA

Nay, she was wise as wise can be.
(They walk.)

Enter CAPTAIN TARTARUS

CAPTAIN TARTARUS (*decidedly tipsy*)

I've given him my history.
Divested of its mystery;
He's got my why and wherefore, too,
For getting up this pirate crew.
He's got a revelation
Upon co-education.
His inventory of my crimes
Will make me famous for all times.

Spoken

Said he, "You shall have a whole page in the *Herald*, if you will help me find the Sea-Serpent." "Done!" said I, fairly jumping at the offer; for here had I been for many years engaged in a most hazardous and sensational business—displaying genius and courage, aye, daring of the most reckless kind—without receiving the smallest recognition. And why? Because no reporter had ever ventured to find and write me up. Many a time, after a tre-

mendous effort to win applause, have I eagerly scanned the leading journals, only to find myself treated with silence. No free advertisement—no notoriety—not even abuse! Alas, it was heart-rending. It seemed as if I had been born to live in vain. But now all is changed and I'm to be immortalized, and all for a common, ordinary little sea-serpent. Haven't the least idea, though where to find it. Perhaps Butcherboy knows. Extraordinary fellow that Butcherboy—bank-cashier once! Must have a talk with him. (Rings bell.) What joy is mine! What joy is mine! At last I have been—Hello! Another interview.

PENDRAGON

Sweet sea-nymph, I adore thee!
Sweet sea-nymph, I implore thee,
Love thou me in return!

PIROLA

Good! Good! And must I start, thus?
With hand upon my heart, thus?
To love thee in return?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS (*aside*)

Bless you, my children, happy be!

ICHABOD

Aye, aye, sir, did you ring for me?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Ah, Ichabod, where's Butcherboy,
The mate of this our ship—
My right-hand bower and my joy?
To find him quickly skip.

ICHABOD

Alack-a-day!
He's taken ill,
And gone below
To make his will—
Or words to that effect.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

What, taken ill,
And gone below
To make his will?
Oh, no, no, no!

And yet, I must not judge
His action with severity,
For 'tis a duty that
We all owe to posterity.
So let him make his will—
We'll anchor weigh.
Up sails! and let them fill
With breezes gay.

The Sea-Serpent

Enter CHORUS

All hands prepare
For chase most rare.

CHORUS

A chase! a chase! all hail! all hail!

PIROLA

A chase, papa? I see no truant sail.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

'Tis not a ship, my gallant crew,
This time to chase I summon you.

CHORUS

'Tis not a ship he summons us to chase!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

With shot and shell no decks to rake—
No throats to cut—no prize to take!

CHORUS

What can he mean? Is it an ocean race?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

'Tis but a wager to decide
We must the waves of ocean ride.

CHORUS

A wager? Then we've guesses aright.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Not quite!
Not quite!
My friend here of the *Herald* is a reckless youth.

CHORUS

Yes, yes, a reckless youth.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

And he has bet a hundred casks of rum, forsooth.

CHORUS

A hundred casks of rum—oh, reckless youth!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

That in three days, before the wind,
The Sea-Serpent we cannot find.

The Sea-Serpent

CHORUS

The Sea-Serpent?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Yes, yes, the Sea-Serpent!

CHORUS

The Sea-Serpent! The Sea-Serpent!
Oh, horrors upon horrors, see him glide!
The Sea-Serpent! The Sea-Serpent!
Oh, horrors upon horrors, let us hide!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

(Drawing sword and pistols)

Stay! Stay! say I.
The first to fly
Like dogs shall die!

CHORUS

Have mercy, man of iron, here we prostrate lie;
Chose for us any other death and we will die!
But do not feed us to a monster of the deep
Whose very name to mention makes us creep!

Democracy

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Rise, grovelling slaves,
My orders now obey,
Or flay you all alive
I will this very day!

PENDRAGON

How deep his rage, alack!

PIROLA

'Tis but a mild attack—
You should see papa when in battle.

PENDRAGON

He drives them like so many cattle!

CHORUS

Have mercy, man of iron, here we prostrate lie;
Choose for us any other death and we will die!
But do not feed us to a monster of the deep
Whose very name to mention makes us creep!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Rise, grovelling slaves,
My orders now obey,

The Sea-Serpent

Or flay you all alive
I will this very day!

CHORUS

Have mercy, man of iron, etc.

(*Curtain*)

ACT II

*Scene—The “Blue-Devil” at anchor, in Pirates’
Grotto. Time: Evening.*

Enter ICHABOD

Recitative. ICHABOD

Ah, woe is me!
I’m worse than dead!
Each trembling knee
Is crooked with dread!
I promised him
To start the riot,
And haven’t yet
Begun to try it;
For when at last
It came to act,
I found that I
The courage lacked.
Yes, I’m afraid
I’m not a villain,
However much I might be willin’!

Democracy

Enter Pirate Apprentices and Pirates, two and two.

PIRATE APPRENTICES

If a little maiden loves a little pirate
Should a little pirate be of her afraid?
Rather tell us truly, doesn't love require it
That the little pirate also love the maid?

PIRATES

Oh, how delicious!
At last they love us,
And come, like angels,
Down from above us.
And yet we must not yield
Our love too soon,
Or they may change
Like the inconstant moon.

MOLLY

He bade us to sing you a song:
And like bird on the wing
I would merrily sing,
I would sing to you all day long.

CHORUS

He bade {^{us}_{them}} to sing
Like a bird on the wing,
And to sing as {^{we}_{they}} fly
Through the bright blue sky.

The Sea-Serpent

POLLY.

Hark! Hark! 'Tis the nightingale trills—
Tell me not that too far
From the singer we are
That with rapture my heart now fills.

CHORUS

Tell us not that too far
From the singer we are
That with rapture each heart now fills.

DOLLY

Oh, list to the coo of the dove!
Oh, how weirdly I hear
All those voices so dear!
Ah, I love thee, I love thee, my love!

CHORUS

'Tis the coo of the dove,
'Tis the voice of sweet love.
How entrancing to hear
All our loved ones so dear!

ICHABOD

This billing and cooing
Will be my undoing!
They'll not listen now
Till I've broken my vow!

Hypnotic Trio. MOLLY, POLLY, DOLLY

Is this a dream,
Or are we waking?
What happiness
Are we partaking?
Oh, tell us, pray,
What sweet enchantment
Makes all the world
Breathe pure contentment?
Why, why is all so fair?
Where, where is old dull care?
And where is stubborn pride?
And where doth envy hide?

CHORUS

'T must be a dream—
Yes, so 'twould seem—
For universal gladness
Was never known
To wake alone
One-half is always sadness.

MOLLY, POLLY AND DOLLY

Is this a dream,
Or are we waking?
What happiness
Are we partaking?
Pray, why is love
So sweet a duty,
And why its slave

The Sea-Serpent

Is ev'ry beauty?
Oh, tell us why,
Before we sigh,
For e'en a sigh might break the charm;
And who could bear—
Ah, who would dare—
E'en with a sigh sweet love alarm?

CHORUS

Break not the charm,
Do not alarm
Sweet love so gently dreaming,
Ah, do not sigh
While he is nigh
With love-light 'round him streaming.

ICHABOD

Their sweet appeal
Doth make my senses reel;
I never saw such wooing;
I know not what I'm doing:
Forgive this mad intrusion!
If love be not illusion!
Oh, love me, love me too!
(*Casts himself at the feet of the Apprentices*).

PIRATES (*mockingly*)

To-whit, to-whoo!
The owl would loved be, too!

MOLLY, POLLY AND DOLLY

What ugly thing doth now provoke
The evening air with such a croak?

ICHABOD

Oh, Polly dear, is this a croak?
Nay, nay, with pain and grief I choke!

MOLLY, POLLY AND DOLLY

Back, back, into the marsh,
Go thrust that voice so harsh!

PIRATE APPRENTICES

How dare he croak
Amid our song.
And us provoke?
'Tis very wrong!
Yes, back into the marsh
Let's thrust that voice so harsh!
(The Apprentices roughly push him about).

PIRATES

Ha! ha! ha! ha! oh, see his plight!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! it serves him right!

The Sea-Serpent

ICHABOD

Oh, mercy, mercy, me!

(Breaks away from them)

Thank heaven, once more I'm free!

PIRATE APPRENTICES

If a little maiden love a little pirate,
Should a little pirate be of her afraid?
Rather, tell us truly, doesn't love require it
That the little pirate also love the maid?
(Exeunt, wooing Pirates).

Spoken, ICHABOD

Oh, Polly, Polly, Polly! To pass me over for a common sailor! Oh, that I had the courage of my convictions—I'd make him grin and smirk at you! I tremble with rage and my knees knock together! So long as I remained a consistent and respectable pirate I was never thus afflicted. This comes of making a league with the devil! Says he, "Corrupt the crew—get the men to refuse to chase the sea-serpent; get the women to strike for higher wages!" Easy as jumping off Brooklyn Bridge! But doesn't that reporter go and undo me in advance by promising my fellow-pirates to make the apprentices fall in love with them! And doesn't he hypnotize them and keep his promise, too? And doesn't every man on board fall to and chase after that sea-serpent as if

he had never been afraid of a water-snake in his life? And doesn't old Tartarus weep for joy upon seeing the change that has come over his precious lambs, and doesn't he call an intermission, and cast anchor, so that all hands may enjoy an evening's wooing? And I—I am utterly unable to make my villainy work! Balked, baffled, foiled, thwarted at every turn! Oh, how I dread the night and what it has in store! How Butcherboy will rave—the very thought of it makes me perspire! I have half a mind to confess the whole——

Enter BUTCHERBOY, disguised, climbing an anchor cable.

Recitative. BUTCHERBOY AND ICHABOD

Pst! Pst!

ICHABOD

What can it be?

BUTCHERBOY

Pst! Pst!

ICHABOD

Is that for me?

The Sea-Serpent

BUTCHERBOY

Pst! Pst!

ICHABOD

I will not stay!

BUTCHERBOY

Pst! Pst!

ICHABOD

I'll run away!

BUTCHERBOY

Ho! ho! ho! ho!

ICHABOD

The devil—oh!

BUTCHERBOY

No, not his majesty in person.

ICHABOD

Then his ambassador.

BUTCHERBOY

Your compliment, sir, is a terse 'un.

ICHABOD

I beg you pass it o'er.

BUTCHERBOY

I will, if you'll but lend a hand
And help me on my feet to stand.

ICHABOD

What, lend a hand? No, no, indeed!
That is against our pirate creed.

BUTCHERBOY

Oh, hang your creed! Be lively! Come!

ICHABOD

Aye, aye, sir, but—where are you from?

BUTCHERBOY

I'm from New York—
I'm a reporter.

The Sea-Serpent

ICHABOD (*helps him aboard*)

Another one!

BUTCHERBOY

A reg'lar snorter.

ICHABOD

Ah, welcome, Mr. Snorter.
(*Aside.*)

But what a queer reporter!

BUTCHERBOY

Thanks, for your timely aid
I'll puff you in my paper.
Now to your Captain, please,
Before me nimbly caper,
That I in vigorous terms
The villain may expose.

ICHABOD (*aside*)

The villain? Can it be
He's treading on my toes?

BUTCHERBOY

That is, if he's aboard
This gay old soup-tureen.

Democracy

ICHABOD (*aside*)

I breathe again—and yet—
Whom can he mean?

BUTCHERBOY

Come, lead the way.

ICHABOD

Aye, I obey.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter COOK and several PIRATE APPRENTICES

FIRST APPRENTICE

Oh, Cook, sweet Cook,
What is the matter?

SECOND APPRENTICE

Perhaps she's spoiled
The pancake batter?

FIRST APPRENTICE

Perhaps the biscuits aren't light?

The Sea-Serpent

SECOND APPRENTICE

Perhaps the pie-crust isn't right?
(*To each of which suggestions the Cook
dolefully shakes her head.*)

COOK

No, cherubs, no; it isn't victuals—
It isn't pots—it isn't kittles—
But it's love!

ALL

It's love?

COOK

Yes, it's love—
Don't be astonished.

ALL

Just our own case!

COOK

Then be admonished:

Song Cook

These many years
Have I held sway,
A kitchen queen
Of humble way;
Content to dwell
Below the rest,
And, day by day,
To do my best.

ALL

That's so!

Cook

For well I knew—
'Twixt you and me—
That though a queen
Of low degree,
I reigned supreme
Three times a day,
And who could ask
For more, I say?

ALL

Ah, who?

The Sea-Serpent

COOK

I touched the pirates'
Tender spot,
With tempting dishes
Piping hot;
I even made
Our captain own
I was the power
Behind the throne.

ALL

Just so!

COOK

And often, when
His work was done,
Down to the kitchen
He would run,
To tell me how
The battle went
And ask me for
Some liniment.

ALL

Dear soul!

COOK

Oh, those were days
Of happiness—
That liniment
Did charms possess;
Had I but an
Apprentice been
I might have wooed
And won him then.

ALL

She might!

So long as maids
Refused to woo
A jealous pang
I never knew.
But now, alas,
What do I hear?
That most of them
Are acting queer!

ALL

They are!

COOK

They're wooing right,
They're wooing left,

The Sea-Serpent

As if of ev'ry
Sense bereft:
They'll fall upon
Our captain next
And marry him
Without pretext!

ALL

Alas, they will!

COOK

Oh, but they shan't, if I can help it!

ALL

But how prevent it?

COOK

No, no, they shan't, if I can help it!

ALL

She seems demented!

Democracy

COOK

This little scheme I have devised:
I will pretend I'm hypnotized!

ALL

She will pretend—
How clever!
Success to her
Endeavor!
And when we found
To our alarm
Of no effect
Was any charm,
Instead of weeping
O'er our age,
Or flying hence
Into a rage,
Oh, why with delicate perception,
Did we not stoop to this deception?

COOK

'Tis not too late to try it yet,
And each one may a husband get!

ALL

A husband? How attractive,
Since the demand is active!

The Sea-Serpent

Enter ICHABOD and BUTCHERBOY

Yes, yes, we vow,
We'll try it now!
(*They assume a hypnotic air.*)

ICHABOD

This way, Mr. Snorter; I think we'll find him gazing at the stars.

COOK AND APPRENTICES

If a little maiden love a little pirate
Should a little pirate be of her afraid?

ICHABOD

After my experience, I should say, decidedly, my pretty tars!

COOK AND APPRENTICES

Rather, tell us truly, doesn't love require it
That the little pirate also love the maid?

BUTCHERBOY.

Not by any manner of means!

Democracy

ICHABOD AND BUTCHERBOY

Oh, no!
(*Exeunt Ichabod and Butcherboy.*)

COOK

Don't be discouraged by
This skirmish slight;
It will prepare us all
To make a fight.

Mock-hypnotic chorus. COOK AND APPRENTICES

For we are the army
Of the Great Rejected,
And that we must struggle
May thus be expected.
If we would be recognized
We must win by action,
For we now are hypnotized
To our satisfaction.
We are hypnotized!
We are hypnotized!
Hypnotized!
Hypnotized!
We are hypnotized
To our satisfaction!

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter PENDRAGON AND PIROLA

The Sea-Serpent

Duet. PENDRAGON AND PIROLA

Look, starry night,
 Look down in all thy splendor,
 And gaze upon a happy, happy heart!
Dance, rippling waves,
 Oh, sea, in measures tender,
 And I will be as merry as thou art!
For my love to me hath yielded
 And her love for me confessed;
Oh, the potent charm she wielded
 Hath made me doubly blest.

PIROLA

Look, starry night, etc.

PENDRAGON

And art thou truly happy,
 Dearest maid?

PIROLA

Too happy—ah, too happy,
 I'm afraid.
For, hark! again that voice:
 I've heard it all day long;
Again I make my choice;
 Again the mermaid's song!

Democracy

PENDRAGON

I hear not these—
'Tis but the sighing of the breeze.

PIROLA

Nay, sorcerer, do not smile,
And thus my fears beguile.

PENDRAGON

Soon we shall sing
Our farewell to the sea;
Then, little one,
Then we shall wedded be.

PIROLA

Yes, yes, I know,
Ere long we hence shall go;
But now that I have found thee,
And my arms are twined around thee,
Yet thy poor maid
Is sore afraid
Some envious fate may snatch thee,
Or ugly mermaid catch thee.

Enter three PIRATES

The Sea-Serpent

PIRATES

Lucky are we,
Pirates three,
 Courtied by Molly, and Polly and Dolly;
Each one a fairy,
Graceful and airy—
 Oh, to refuse them were worse than a folly.

Enter MOLLY, POLLY AND DOLLY

MOLLY, POLLY AND DOLLY

If a little maiden love a little pirate, etc.
 (*Pirates and Apprentices dance.*)

MOLLY

I do declare, he's playful as a kitten!

POLLY

How could we ever give such men the mitten!

PIROLA

And thus you make them do?
I'm half afraid of you!
How can I tell,
But on me, too, you may have cast a spell?

Democracy

PENDRAGON

Nay, love, convinced be,
Thine own sweet will is free.
Not so with these—my will
Leads them for good or ill.
Thou lov'st with reason
And with mind alert;
They love as in a trance
With soul inert.
See, love, now they shall mourn—
Each maid is all forlorn.

PIROLA

Stop, stop, you fill my soul with terror!

PENDRAGON

Now they shall spurn each swain;
Now take him back again.

PIROLA

You are a sorcerer, or I'm in error!

PENDRAGON

Now I shall let them kiss
As if in endless bliss—
(*Pirates and Apprentices embrace.*)

The Sea-Serpent

PIROLA

Just as we do!

PENDRAGON,

Just like us two!

PENDRAGON, PIROLA AND APPRENTICES

Look, starry night, etc.

(*They walk.*)

COOK AND PIRATE APPRENTICES
(*Behind the scenes*).

Rather, tell us truly, doesn't love require it
That the little pirate also love the maid?

Enter Captain Tartarus, Butcherboy and Ichabod,
followed by the Cook and Pirate Apprentices.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Away, old woman, away!

COOK

Old woman—old, did he say?

PIRATE APPRENTICES

Alas, he did!
He plainly did!

COOK

Most beautiful of men!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Don't, don't say that again!

COOK

I love thee, passionately, fondly, madly!

BUTCHERBOY

Perhaps she has been drinking—drinking badly!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Go, go below, and quickly attend to thy duties;
Leave the business of love to those who are younger
and beauties,
Or I shall be obliged, though a faithful old servant
thou art,
To accept thy resignation and allow thee to depart.

The Sea-Serpent

COOK

I've loved thee, oh, these many years,
Cast me not off with naught but tears!
Remember, sir, your motto!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

I swear by yonder grotto,
Unless at once you fly,
Upon a desert island
I'll set you high and dry!

COOK

Oh, to be rudely torn from bliss
By such an avowal as this!
Oh, oh, deceiver—
Oh, disbeliever
In thine own philosophy!
I go below—
I go—I go!
But my broken heart I leave with thee!
(*Exit Cook.*)

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Alas, that it should become necessary
To deal harshly even with her!
But, soft—in the face of the adversary
All tender sentiments I must defer.

BUTCHERBOY

Behold the villain—ah, I do believe
That even now he's laughing in his sleeve.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

And the maidens and their lovers—how will they
ever grant me absolution
For interrupting their innocent gambols by an execution?
And yet, it must be done.

BUTCHERBOY

Yes, yes, it must be done!

Ensemble. CAPTAIN TARTARUS, etc.

Sir, know you this distressful stranger?

PENDRAGON

The honor, sir, of his acquaintance I have not.

BUTCHERBOY (*aside to Captain Tartarus*)

That he should recognize me thus there is no danger.

PENDRAGON (*aside*)

He looks to me like some poor drunken sot.

The Sea-Serpent

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Know then, he's a reporter!

CHORUS

He's a reporter!

PENDRAGON

Indeed?

PIROLA

Indeed?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Yes, yes, observe him closely—

I did not say jocosely

He is a member of the press.

Perhaps before you've met him—

Perhaps death didn't get him.

Come, come, sir, now confess!

PENDRAGON

These, sir, are riddles—Nay,

I know not what you say.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

What do you think of him, my daughter?

PIROLA

I must pronounce his looks—not very prepossessing—

Do reporters always wear a leer like that?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

He's not a dude of the first water—

Eh, my daughter?

PIROLA

I must declare his whole appearance quite distressing—

Do reporters always smell of beer like that?

BUTCHERBOY

Beer, Beer? Oh, that's immense.

I'll treat the crowd—at your expense!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Ah, generous soul, you shall,

But tell us, first of all,

What paper do you represent?

The Sea-Serpent

BUTCHERBOY

I represent the New York *Herald*.

CHORUS

He represents the New York *Herald*!

PENDRAGON

Is this a joke?

PIROLA

How impudent!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

And what your name and fame?

BUTCHERBOY

Pendragon is my name.

CHORUS

Two Richmonds in the field,
And both for battle steeled!

Democracy

PENDRAGON

Homely villain, thou dost lie!

BUTCHERBOY

Handsome villain, thou shalt die!

PIROLA

Papa, this is a plot—
Papa, believe him not!

BUTCHERBOY

Hear ye and judge ye between us:
Last night each one thus might have seen us—
 I the reporter, and he the lackey,
Bringing refreshments and pipe and tobacco—
Waiting upon me, a prince of the Press;
Icing my temples in times of distress.
Soft were the cushioned arm-chairs and the pillows,
 Prime was the fare and my duties were light;
Gay as a lark did our ship ride the billows,
 Chasing the Serpent by day and by night.

CHORUS

Chasing the Serpent? Did we hear aright?
Chasing the Serpent by day and by night!

The Sea-Serpent

BUTCHERBOY

While thus my crew for the monster was cruising,
Command of myself I was foolishly losing.

My servant there knew this and saw at a glance

To be a reporter he now had a chance!

So he plied me with liquor, until in my bunk

He left me, as some would say, hopelessly drunk!

Then straightway he dressed

Himself in my best;

My credentials he took,

And my pencil and book—

My good rubber suit,

And my kodak to boot!

CHORUS

Oh, what a plight!

Oh, what a sight!

Of all his possessions

He stripped him quite.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Aye, therefore now these rags—

That borrowed splendor!

BUTCHERBOY

I thank thee from my heart,

My dear defender!

Democracy

PENDRAGON (*aside*)

Can this be a rascal from the *World*
By Pulitzer across my pathway hurled?

BUTCHERBOY

But to resume my story,
Which turned out rather gory:
No sooner did this plotting scamp
With all his plunder thus decamp
Than we went to the bottom!
There was a flash—there was a crash—
And all the crew were blown to smash—
The little fishes got 'em!

CHORUS

There was a flash—there was a crash—
And all the crew were blown to smash!
Thus they went to the bottom!
And thus the fishes got 'em!

BUTCHERBOY

Believing us all dead, he came
Aboard your vessel in my name,
Upon your kindness to impose—
Perhaps to carry off more clothes:
For in matters of clothes a valet
Is unlike the *corps du ballet*.

The Sea-Serpent

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Alas, deceived and mortified,
How deeply humbled is my pride!

BUTCHERBOY

But I—lo, I—escaped from all the danger—
Damaged somewhat in external beauty,
But otherwise quite well as an avenger—
And to denounce him deem it now my duty.

PENDRAGON

Do you believe this vagabond's preposterous tale?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Do I believe before my eyes a sail's a sail?
Do these same eyes thus blaze with indignation?
Do these same eyes, thus speak your condemna-
tion?
And doth my sword in scabbard itch to smite thee,
Thus for thy gross deception to requite thee?

PIROLA

Papa, in mercy say not so;
Papa, to anger pray be slow!

Democracy

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Peace, peace, poor child—poor little one:
Thou, too, hast been imposed upon!

PENDRAGON

Nay, sir, if seriously you are inclined,
Take me to any port where we can find
A telegraphic station, and by cable,
To prove just who is who, I will be able!

BUTCHERBOY

Trust him not—he would deliver you
To the authorities with all your crew!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

He would—yes, I can see it in his eye:
He'd call it all a joke to see us die!

BUTCHERBOY.

Besides, we can determine here
Who's the impostor, never fear:
You shall yourselves in judgment sit,
And say which is the counterfeit.

The Sea-Serpent

PENDRAGON (*aside*)

Who can it be? my heart inquires:
Perhaps Mulhatton, Prince of Liars!

BUTCHERBOY

In the first place, Captain, tell me true,
When he came aboard did he drink with you?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Not a drink!

CHORUS

No, not a drink!

BUTCHERBOY

And when introduced to your jolly tars
Did he help himself to your choice cigars?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Not a cigar!

CHORUS

No, not a cigar!

BUTCHERBOY

And when you did the Press exclude
Did you find his ears to the key-holes glued?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Not an ear!

CHORUS

No, not an ear!

BUTCHERBOY

Did he ever threaten to do you up brown
Unless very handsomely you came down?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Not a threat!

CHORUS

No, not a threat!

BUTCHERBOY

'Tis, therefore, plain to me—
As plain as plain can be—
That he knows no more of my calling
Than a clam of caterwauling!

The Sea-Serpent

CHORUS

He knows no more of his calling
Than a clam of caterwauling!

BUTCHERBOY

Ah, but he caused the maids to woo.
Well, I can hypnotize them, too,
And men as well!
Yes, men as well!

CHORUS

Although he caused {^{us}_{them}} all to woo—
'Tis nothing, he can do it, too,
And hypnotize the men as well—
The men as well!

BUTCHERBOY

If I should say to yonder officer so brave,
Spin up into the rigging, like a lively knave.
And from the main-mast down upon the deck
Descend headforemost till you break your neck
Swift as an arrow to the mark,
Upon the fatal errand he'd embark.

ICHABOD

The Lord forbid!
Did I ever?
No, I never did!

BUTCHERBOY (*aside*)

Villain, obey!
Do what I say!
 And let it not appall thee;
Fear not to climb,
I'll stop thee in time,
 And harm shall not befall thee!

(*Aloud.*)

Ah, see, he yields unto my will already:
This is the first stage—(so—so—steady—steady!—
Called Lethargy—see, now he's all unstrung,
No power remains of muscles, limb or tongue!
Now comes the second stage—the Cataleptic!

(*Aside.*)

Pay close attention, now, my old dyspeptic!

(*Aloud.*)

Wide-opened eyes, impassive as the sphinx;
He looks just straight ahead and never winks!
His body, like a puppet's, soft as dough;
May now be moulded so and so!
Yet do his muscles all such force retain
That his position he will thus maintain
 Until the power I wield
 Shall bid him yield!

I'll stand him on one leg—so—so—
And yet he will not over go;
Although I twist him thus and thus,
Yet he will never make a fuss!
There's no sensation—no fatigue!

The Sea-Serpent

ICHABOD (*aside*)

There isn't, eh?

BUTCHERBOY (*aside*)

Keep still, I say!

PENDRAGON (*aside*)

'Tis very plain they are in league!

BUTCHERBOY (*aloud*)

Though I took a pin
And drove it in,
He wouldn't squirm!

ICHABOD (*aside*)

I wouldn't, eh?

BUTCHERBOY (*aside*)

Be still, I say!
(*Aloud.*)

He wouldn't squirm!
But now into the third and last
Hypnotic stage he's going fast!
I slightly knock him on the pate
And the Somnambulistic state

Democracy

Is brought about!
Now he can laugh and shout!
(*Aside.*)
Obey! Obey!
Say yes to everything I say!

Song. BUTCHERBOY

Yes, this is the state in which women and men,
As old as they are, become children again!
In this they believe you, whatever you say;
In this your suggestions they all will obey!

CHORUS

Oh, happy state! Oh, happy state
Of innocent simplicity!
Oh, happy state! Oh, happy state
Of harmless eccentricity!

BUTCHERBOY

There's naught too absurd for his gravity now;
He'll take it all in with a courteous bow!
At your call he will share all your sorrows and fears,
At your beck he will burst into laughter or tears!

CHORUS

Though not a child, yet like a child,
In innocent simplicity!
And though a man, forgive we can
His harmless eccentricity!

The Sea-Serpent

Recitative. BUTCHERBOY AND ICHABOD

It seems to me that hungry you must be.

ICHABOD

I am—I am, indeed!

BUTCHERBOY.

Well, here is pie, and cheese and crackers, see!

ICHABOD

Just what I need!

BUTCHERBOY

Here is some rare old wine.

ICHABOD

Nay, that I'll not decline.

BUTCHERBOY

Now, look at me, I have a silver nose.

ICHABOD

Your nose is very handsome—see it shine!

BUTCHERBOY

Here is a flower for thee—a pretty rose.

ICHABOD

How sweet it smells—exquisite—ah—divine!

BUTCHERBOY

It seems to me 'tis very cold to-day.

ICHABOD

It is—I'll have a fur cloak right away.

BUTCHERBOY

How hot! And upward still the mercury goes.

ICHABOD

How hot! I must put on my summer clothes.

BUTCHERBOY

Look! Look! a stream of water here we meet.

ICHABOD

I'll step across, so's not to wet my feet.

The Sea-Serpent

BUTCHERBOY

Now he'll obey:

Now I will say—

Go, climb into yon rigging, dive headforemost to
the deck!

ICHABOD

And must I go? And will he call me back before
I break my neck?

(Climbs.)

BUTCHERBOY

Ah, never mind the jump—come down again!—
That is the way I hypnotize my men!

CHORUS

A little more, and on the floor,
With blindest intrepidity,
He would have dashed, he would have smashed,
And died with great rapidity!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Oh, wondrous exhibition!
You are the true magician!

Democracy

BUTCHERBOY

Of course this must be gratifying to my pride,
Yet I might have done much better had I tried!
And now that I am freely acknowledged to be
A better reporter, a better magician than he,
If you and your sweet daughter will allow me,
I'll discover
To all of you that I am also a much better lover!

(Approaches Pirola and attempts to kiss her hands.)

PENDRAGON

Insolent wretch, how dare you!
No longer will I spare you!
(Knocks him down.)

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Seize him!

PIROLA

Oh, no, no, no!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Squeeze him
Into fetters!

The Sea-Serpent

PIROLA

Oh, no, no, no!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

We will teach him—

PIROLA

Mercy! Mercy!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

To strike his betters!

PIROLA

Papa, have mercy!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Instead of falling on his knees

And asking pardon,

It is with acts like these

Our hearts he'd harden.

Had he for his deception

But repented,

We might, perhaps, a little

Have relented.

And now the die is cast;

That blow shall be his last!

Democracy

CHORUS

He says that blow shall be his last!
It sets our hearts a-beating fast!

PIROLA

Papa, I must be heard!
Papa, recall that word!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

What I have said admits no contradiction;
We know that death must follow his conviction;
At sunrise, one, two, three, the guns shall roar,
Then he shall walk the plank and be no more!
 So take him away,
 Until the break of day,
 Lock him up securely—
 Don't let him get away.

CHORUS

Take him away and put him in a dungeon,
 At early morn the guns shall tell his doom;
Take him away—the sharks shall have a luncheon
 At early morning when the cannons boom!

PIROLA

No, no, no, no,
He must not go!

The Sea-Serpent

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

My own sweet daughter, oh, how much it grieves
me
To be thus harsh when mortal man deceives me.

PIROLA

Bid him remain!
Remove each chain!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Had he not been unmasked, unto my sorrow
He might have been my son-in-law to-morrow!

PIROLA

Oh, harsh decree!
He's deaf to me!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Just think how hard it would have been to sentence
And execute him, too, without repentance,
Had he once been our flesh and blood, oh, daughter!
While now 'tis sport to throw him in the water!

PIROLA

Oh, cruel fate!
Oh, wicked hate!

Democracy

And yet, by heaven and the blue stars above,
You cannot rob me of his love!

Song. PIROLA

My love is bound in cruel chains,
My love is led away;
But in my heart my love remains,
Forever and for aye!
Farewell, sweet love, though bound, disgraced,
Though prisoner thou art,
Thine image here is not effaced—
Thou'rt free within this heart!
But love me, love, as I love thee,
And death is sweetest pain;
I'll die for thee, and thou for me—
Thus we shall meet again!

PENDRAGON

Fear not, Pirola,
Truest love can never die;
Believe me, loved one,
Such a love for thee have I.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Away! Away!

PIROLA

Oh, stay! Stay! Stay!

(*Faints.*)

The Sea-Serpent

BUTCHERBOY (*aside*)

All's fair in love and war, and in reporting, too;

(*Aloud.*)

The *Herald* of this scene shall have a view!

(*Takes a flashlight photograph.*)

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Away! Away!

CHORUS

Take him away and place him in a dungeon—

At early morn the guns shall tell his doom!

Take him away—the sharks shall have a luncheon

At early morning when the cannons boom!

(*Exeunt Pendragon and guard.*)

(*Curtain.*)

ACT III

Scene—The Same

Enter PIRATES, marching and bearing jugs of liquor
and drinking vessels.

Chorus and march. PIRATES

Yes, he will hypnotize,

Yes, he will hypnotize,

Our enemies, our enemies,

Our enemies, our enemies,

Democracy

We needn't strike a blow,
When we to battle go—
 He'll take each prize, just with his eyes,
 Yes, with his eyes, yes, with his eyes.
Tralalala! Oh, hoi! Oh, hoi, ho!
Here is the grog, but where is the boy, ho?

All we have got to do
Is to be a jolly crew,
 And drinking rum will help us some,
 Yes, drinking rum will help us some.
'Ray, for a pirate life!
Each shall have a pirate wife,
 And beat her some, while drinking rum,
 And beat her some, while drinking rum,
Tralalala! Oh, hoi! Oh, hoi, ho!
Here is the grog and there is the boy, ho.
 Tralalala! Oh, hoi! Oh, hoi, ho!
 Here is the grog and there is the boy!

Enter CAPTAIN TARTARUS, BUTCHERBOY AND
 ICHABOD

Spoken, BUTCHERBOY

You have done nobly, Captain. You have proved
yourself a Roman father, as I shall take pains
to state in my despatches. And now that the
enemy is subdued, let us celebrate and make a
night of it.

ICHABOD

Yes, let us have a stag party.

The Sea-Serpent

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

So we shall—a regular, old-fashioned pirate carousal. There shall be singing, and yarn-spinning and drinking. (*Aside.*) If Butcherboy were here now! Hasn't he finished making his will?

PIRATES

Three cheers and a tiger for our captain! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Tiger!

Recitative. CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Yes, I must drown remorse,
Or else a daughter's curse
May drive me to distraction
And unfit me quite for action.

BUTCHERBOY

Come, come, what cheer?
What have we here?

ICHABOD

Here is rum brought from Jamaica;
There is wine from sunny France;
And if you'd like to take a
Little rye, just this way glance.

Democracy

FIRST SAILOR

There is famous gin from Holland—
There is saké from Japan;
If something else you'd like, just call and
We will get it if we can.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS (*dejectedly*)

Oh, for the blood of the poppy!
Oh, for Nepenthe's dream!
Oh, for the juice of the lotos!
Oh, for a Lethean stream!

BUTCHERBOY

Nay, nay, what's this?
Now, what's amiss?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Alas, what could be worse
Than an only daughter's curse?

BUTCHERBOY

Come, come you must not think—
You promised us to drink!

The Sea-Serpent

PIRATES

No, no, you must not think—
You promised us to drink!

ICHABOD

Here is beer fresh from Milwaukee—
Here is Jersey Lightning, too:
But, perhaps, that is too balky,
And a little punch would do?

BUTCHERBOY

No, I've had all the punch I want—
Yes, I can feel it yet!

CHORUS

Oh, he's had all the punch he wants,
And he can feel it yet!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Ha, ha, ha, ha!
That's very good!
You've put me in
A merry mood!
Now let us drink—
What shall it be?

Democracy

ICHABOD

Why not try this?

PIRATES

Let's see! Let's see!

ICHABOD

'Tis labelled Pulque from Mexico.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Just crack its skull and let it flow.

CHORUS

Pulque! pulque! pulque from Mexico!
We don't know what it is, but we've brought it
from below!
We're tired of rock and rye, of punch and whisky
straight—
Champagne and rum and gin we positively hate;
But pulque! pulque! pulque from Mexico—
We don't know what it is, but we'll drink it, here
we go!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Hold! First allow me to propose
The health of our latest acquisition—

The Sea-Serpent

The true Pendragon he, despite his clothes—
The great reporter and magician!

ALL

Hurrah for the true reporter!
(*They drink.*)

Spoken. BUTCHERBOY

Ah, thank you, merry gentlemen. And now allow
me to propose the health of—the Sea-Serpent!

PIRATES

The Sea-Serpent?

BUTCHERBOY

Yes, for are we not going to search for him, to-morrow, Captain?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Yes, as soon as that little gang-plank business is over.

BUTCHERBOY

And what more natural than that I should wish to find him in good health and spirits, so that I may have a chance to hypnotize him?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Aye, aye, correct! Let's drink a health to the Sea-Serpent. What shall it be this time, Mr. Reporter?

BUTCHERBOY

Let us have some beer.

ICHABOD

All right, then, here she goes! Messmates, now altogether!

CHORUS

Beer! Beer! Foaming lager beer!
We all know what it is, and we'll make it disappear!
We're tired of rock and rye, of punch and whisky
straight—
Champagne and rum and gin we positively hate!
But beer! Beer! foaming lager beer—
We all know what it is, and we'll make it disappear!

ALL

Hurrah for the Sea-Serpent!

The Sea-Serpent

Sea-Serpent Song. BUTCHERBOY

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, I am king of the sea,
I come and I go mysteriously;
Alone, alone, I glide along,
Attended by no courtier throng.
Upon my head no kingly crown—
An ugly crest, an angry frown—
Two blazing eyes, a tongue of flame—
And yet a monarch all the same.

CHORUS

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the king of the sea,
Who comes and goes mysteriously.

BUTCHERBOY

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, I am king of the sea,
At my approach all creatures flee,
For well they know I must prevail,
With a hundred feet of head and tail.
I glide along in my sinuous way,
I ride the waves and I seize my prey,
I laugh aloud and I shriek with glee,
For I am monarch of the sea.

CHORUS

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the king of the sea,
Who laughs aloud and shrieks with glee.

Democracy

BUTCHERBOY

What though my head be a barrel in size
To all who gaze with naked eyes?
What though it swell to a mountainous mass
To those who view me through a glass?
I care not what the slanderers say,
I ride the waves and I seize my prey,
I laugh aloud and I shriek with glee,
For I am monarch of the sea.

CHORUS

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the king of the sea,
Who laughs aloud and shrieks with glee.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Good! Good! Let's have another drink.
I love to hear the glasses clink.

ICHABOD

Aye, aye, fill up with pulque again,
And let us sing with might and main.

CHORUS

Pulque, pulque, pulque from Mexico.
We don't know what it is, but we've brought it
from below.

The Sea-Serpent

We are tired of rock and rye, of punch and whisky
straight—

Champagne and rum and gin we positively hate;

But pulque, pulque, pulque from Mexico—

We don't know what it is, but we'll drink it, here
we go.

(They drink.)

ALL

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Sea-Serpent.

SONG. FIRST PIRATE

In Penobscot Bay

We sailed one day,

When right ahead, across our track,

With eyes aflame,

The monster came,

And thirty bunches on his back.

CHORUS

With eyes aflame,

The monster came,

And thirty bunches on his back.

FIRST PIRATE

"You great big fool,

It is a school

Of porpoises that swim in line!"

Our captain roared;
But all on board
 Soon heard him change his tune to mine!

CHORUS

The captain roared,
But all on board
 Soon heard him change his tune to thine!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

While the serpent is somewhat elusive,
And our search for him at times delusive,
He is not by any means a fiction,
And my words admit no contradiction;
I myself have seen him with these eyes
Suddenly appear to my surprise.

SEVERAL PIRATES

And I—and I—have seen him, too!
And so have you, and you, and you!

Song. CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Off old Cape Roque
One day we spoke
 Some whales a-playing, kitten-like,
When from the deep,
It made us creep,
 To see the serpent rise and strike.

The Sea-Serpent

Around the fish,
With mighty swish,
The monster wound his glittering coils;
Ah, hapless whale,
Lash with your tail,
Till all around the water boils!

CHORUS

Ah, hapless whale,
Lash with your tail,
Till all around the water boils!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

You should have seen
The fight between
This anaconda of the sea
And that poor whale—
'Twould make you pale
To see him struggle to get free!
Another hug—
A mighty tug—
And then we heard his ribs divide;
There was a crack—
A broken back—
His cable parted and he died!

CHORUS

There was a crack—
A broken back—
His cable parted and he died!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Fill up again,
My merry men!

Enter PIRATE APPRENTICES

Oh, pray forgive this rude intrusion,
We do not wish to cause confusion.

PIRATES

Most welcome, ladies, welcome all,
Thus we appreciate this call!

*(They attempt to kiss the apprentices, but
are repulsed.)*

Alack, their love is growing cold!

PIRATE APPRENTICES

One moment, please, you are too bold!

MOLLY

Nay, do not wink!

POLLY

And do not drink!

The Sea-Serpent

DOLLY

But stop and think
On this petition!

PIRATES

We must not wink——
We must not drink,
But stop and think
On this petition!

MOLLY

'Tis signed by all.

POLLY

Both great and small.

DOLLY

It is a call——

A Requisition.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

A requisition,
A petition?

Nay, I can't read without my glasses—(*drinks*).
Some other time, my pretty lasses.

Democracy

ICHABOD

I cannot make it out.

BUTCHERBOY

'Tis badly writ, no doubt.

MOLLY

Oh, how we hate—

POLLY

How we detest you!

DOLLY

Ah, if we could,
We would arrest you!

PIRATE APPRENTICES

Oh, how we hate—
How we detest you!
Yes, if we could,
We would arrest you!

MOLLY

If our petition you would read,
You'd see we've come to intercede
For one whose life is forfeit—

The Sea-Serpent

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

What?

POLLY

The handsomest of men——

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

What's that?

DOLLY

Nay, give him back his life!

MOLLY

And let him choose a wife!

POLLY

Condemn him only thus:

DOLLY

To marry one of us!

PIRATES

Ah, but which one?

PIRATE APPRENTICES

Oh, any one!

FIRST PIRATE

Oh, what would I do,
If he should choose you?

SECOND PIRATE

And I!

THIRD PIRATE

And I!

ICHABOD

And I!

PIRATES

Oh, what would we do,
If he should choose you?

Spoken. CAPTAIN TARTARUS

The only way out of it is for you to hypnotize
them!

The Sea-Serpent

BUTCHERBOY

(*Aside*). The Devil! (*Aloud*.) Excuse me, but the hour is unpropitious. Better deny their request.

Recitative. CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Leave us alone, my children, oh, retire,
Till we have time into this business to inquire.

DOLLY

He'd put us off
Till it's too late,
By the advice of one we hate!

MOLLY

But no, sir, no!
We will not go!

POLLY

We want an answer——
So, sir, so!

PIRATE APPRENTICES

No, sir, no,
We will not go!

Democracy

We want an answer——
So, sir, so!

MOLLY

Just listen, if you please;
Your prisoner release,
Or we swear by this and that,
However much you miss us,
No more we'll let you kiss us——
That's flat!

PIRATES

That's very flat!

POLLY

And if we are in error,
And this has for you no terror,
Then we will say,
Oh, Captain gay,
Release your victim, sir, or
In mis'ry we'll immerse you—
Your daughter, sir, shall curse you!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Oh, dear, oh, dear,
They'd have my daughter curse me!
More beer! More beer!
In drink I will immerse me!

The Sea-Serpent

MOLLY

Then, if still your heart is hardened—

POLLY

And the prisoner unpardoned—

DOLLY

No longer we'll implore,
But demand to go ashore!

MOLLY

Pursue your course inhuman,

POLLY

And we'll resign—

DOLLY

Yes, to a woman!

PIRATES

If we pursue our course inhuman,
They will desert—yes, to a woman!

PIRATE APPRENTICES

Yes, to a woman!

PIRATES

Yes, to a woman!

CHORUS

If $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{you} \\ \text{we} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ pursue $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{your} \\ \text{our} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ course inhuman,
 $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{we} \\ \text{They} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ will resign—yes, to a woman!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Alas, what shall I do?
Must I lose half my crew?
And what is far more worse,
Must I hear Pirola's curse?
Why don't you hypnotize 'em,
And something else advise 'em?

BUTCHERBOY (*aside*)

He soon will grow suspicious!
(*Aloud*).
The time is unpropitious!

PIRATE APPRENTICES

Come, come, sir, now give answer,
And tell us, if you can, sir,

The Sea-Serpent

Shall the prisoner be free?
(*Bamboula and followers appear in the distance,
swimming toward the vessel, in serpentine file,
with lighted lanterns on their heads.*)

BUTCHERBOY

Behold, what do I see?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

I don't (hic!) see anything!

PIRATES (*unsteady*)

He don't see, anything!

BUTCHERBOY

Oh, see it trail

Like monster snail!

The sea is phosphorescent with its light!

ICHABOD

It must be the sea-serpent!

BUTCHERBOY

Quite right! Quite right!

The sea-serpent!

Democracy

CHORUS

The sea-serpent! The sea-serpent!
Horrors upon horrors, see him glide!
He comes this way! He comes this way!
Horrors upon horrors, let us hide!
(*Exeunt Apprentices*).

BUTCHERBOY

'Twas but a ruse!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Good news! Good news!
Now for a long pull and a steady,
And then for them we shall be ready,
If they should come again!

ICHABOD

Now then,
My men!
(*Pirates seize jugs*).

CHORUS

Drink! drink! drink till overcome!
We don't care what it is, whether wine, or beer, or
rum,
So long as it will bring from woman's tongue relief,
So long as it will serve to hide our Captain's grief!

The Sea-Serpent

So, pull, pull, pull together, pull!
And drain each little jug till all of us are full!

BUTCHERBOY

Good! Good! ha! ha!
Good! Good! ha! ha!
Haste! haste! Bamboula,
Haste, ho! ho!
(*Pirates fall in a drunken stupor*).

Spoken. BUTCHERBOY

And now to business! Come, Ichabod! ho, Icky!

ICHABOD

Go, 'way, old sea-serpent—go 'way!

BUTCHERBOY

Why, you downright sot, who told you to get muddled, too? (*Dashes water in his face.*) Here, wake up! Do you recognize me? (*Throws off his disguise.*)

ICHABOD

Butcherboy!

BUTCHERBOY

Ah, that sobers you! Now stop your trembling
and get me some shackles—quick!

(Exit Ichabod.)

Here is a prohibition lecture for you! Luckily
Bamboula would sooner take drunken slaves
than sober ones! And he shall have all on
board—all, save the peerless Pirola! We two
shall have one-half the buried treasure; Bam-
boula shall have the other half and the slaves!
He is approaching and I must hurry and se-
cure her, so that there may be no mistake!
Ah, proud, mocking beauty, what gypsy could
have foretold that after all you should wed the
despised Butcherboy!

Enter ICHABOD

Bamboula has kept his word! He is here, with his
warriors.

BUTCHERBOY

Indeed? Then quickly assist me with these orna-
ments, and we will give him a royal welcome.
(They put shackles on the pirates.)

The Sea-Serpent

ICHABOD

If I mistake not, they are preparing some kind of welcome for him on the gun deck.

BUTCHERBOY

What do you mean?

ICHABOD

The reporter has been released.

BUTCHERBOY

Perdition! Who released him?

(Drawing his sword.)

ICHABOD

It wasn't I, I assure you on my bended knees! It was Pirola!

BUTCHERBOY

Where is he? What is he doing?

ICHABOD

He's rallying the women and hypnotizing them for the fray. *(Noise as of fighting below.)*

Recitative. BUTCHERBOY

Hurry! Hurry! on with the gyves!
Hurry! Hurry! out with our knives!
(*Puts on more shackles, and finally springs them upon Ichabod*).

So! So!

ICHABOD

Help! Ho!
You've made a mistake!

BUTCHERBOY

'Tis no mistake!
Lie there, faint-hearted dog!
Lie there, faint-hearted dog!
(*Exit.*)

Spoken. ICHABOD

Ah, heartless monster—he would sell me with the rest! He can't resist the temptation of making a few extra dollars. But luckily he neglected to take away from me the keys which will unlock all our fetters. If I could but use my hands, I might yet turn the tables on him. In vain! I am done for! Alas, this comes of

The Sea-Serpent

trying to be a villain! This comes of making
a league with the devil!

(Enter Bamboula, Butcherboy and Pirola.)

BAMBOULA

(Dancing over the prostrate pirates.)

Ugh! ugh! Kallela! Kallei!

Duet. BUTCHERBOY AND PIROLA

Behold my work, rebellious little beauty!
Thus one reporter now
Has done his duty.

PIROLA

Monster, you have killed my father!

BUTCHERBOY

Worse, far worse for you the fate impending!

PIROLA

Die a thousand deaths here I would rather,
Than go hence with you! Oh, how heart-rending
Are the crimes I witness! I'm a woman,
But this gives me strength that's superhuman!

(Struggles with Butcherboy.)

Song. BAMBOULA

Pretty little tiger,
Far up on the Niger,
Stands Bamboula's palace in a village!
Thou shalt be his jewel,
Make him still more cruel,
When he sallies forth for thee to pillage!
Slaves around like apes shall caper there,
And my other wives shall have a care,
And that care shall be to serve Pirola—
Great Bamboula's queen, Pirola!

Spoken. BUTCHERBOY

But you forget—this is my prize, Bamboula.

BAMBOULA

Nay, she is too pretty for thee—thou art quite ugly!
I want her! I will fight for her!

ICHABOD

That's right! Fight him, good Bamboula, and lick
him, too.

PIROLA

Papa! Papa! He lives!

The Sea-Serpent

BUTCHERBOY

Be content, Bamboula, you shall have all the rest.

BAMBOULA

I want her! I will fight for her!

BUTCHERBOY

Then fight it shall be, treacherous baboon!
(*They fight; Butcherboy is overpowered and shackled, by the aid of Ichabod, who is, however, himself still in chains.*)

ICHABOD

Turn about is fair play, and he who diggeth a pit
for his neighbor shall fall down the hatchway
himself! Yea, verily!

Recitative. BAMBOULA

Come, little queen,
Now thou art mine!
(*Enter Pendragon, and Pirate Apprentices and Bamboula's followers, fighting.*)

PIROLA

Pendragon, help!
Help, love divine!

PIRATE APPRENTICES

Kis, kis, kis, kis,
Take this! Take this!

PENDRAGON

My love, I come—
Go, get thee home!
Go, get thee home,
Black rascal!

PIRATE APPRENTICES

Cling, clang, steel!
Our blows they feel!
Give them one more beating!
Send them off retreating!
Cling, clang, steel!
Our blows they feel!

BAMBOULA

The wild bull paws the dust!
He says, Die, die you must!
(*They fight*).

Spoken. PIROLA

Arise, papa, arise! Would you let them carry off
your only daughter?

The Sea-Serpent

ICHABOD

If you will excuse me for making a suggestion—
here are keys that will unlock our bracelets.
(*Pirola unlocks fetters.*) Ah, thanks! Now
I will soon revive them. Here is water.
(*Dashes some in the face of Captain Tartarus.*)

Recitative. CAPTAIN TARTARUS

What battle is this?
Have we taken a prize?
One moment, please,
Till I rub my eyes.

BAMBOULA (*Disarmed*)

Fair youth, it is a pleasure
By thee to be disarmed,
At thy mercy, I enjoy it—
With thy fighting I am charmed.
But lay aside thy weapons,
And let us try our strength;
With thee I long to wrestle,
And to lay thee out at length.

PENDRAGON

A singular request—
Perhaps a savage jest.
(*They grapple.*)

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

What, Bamboula,
Our ancient enemy!
Then we are boarded——
Boarded, by gemini!
Awake! awake!
My pirates all,
And draw your swords
At duty's call!

(Pendragon forces Bamboula over the bulwarks into the sea. The savages, perceiving this, and the pirates reviving, abandon the fight and follow, in serpentine file.)

Oh, what a sight!
'Twas nobly done;
They take to flight,
The battle's won.

CHORUS

Yes, nobly done—
Oh, what a sight!
The battle's won—
They take to flight.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

What mean these handcuffs?
What mean these gyves?
Who has had designs
Upon our lives?

The Sea-Serpent

PIROLA

It is the work of one
Who did deceive you,
But not Pendragon——

CAPTAIN TARTARUS.

I do believe you!
For now my head is getting clearer,
And now I recollect,
I never did come nearer
To losing all my self-respect.

CHORUS

Yes, yes, {our
their} heads are getting clearer,
And now {we
they} recollect,
{We
They} never did come nearer
To losing all {our
their} self-respect.

PIROLA

It was a villain's doing——

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

My children, now I see it all!
He plotted our undoing,
And slaves he would have sold us all!

Democracy

CHORUS

He plotted our undoing,
And slaves he would have sold us all!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

He made me wrong a hero—
One whose forgiveness I implore;
With many a heartfelt tear, oh,
How could I seek his manly gore?

CHORUS

With many a heartfelt tear, oh,
{^{We}_{They}} his forgiveness all implore;
How could {^{we}_{they}} wrong this hero—
How could {^{we}_{they}} seek his manly gore?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

I will in reparation
Grant anything he may desire;
'Twill meet my approbation
And should he my poor life require.

CHORUS

'Twill meet {^{our}_{their}} approbation
And should he {^{our}_{their}} poor lives require;
{^{We}_{They}} will, in reparation,
Grant anything he may desire.

The Sea-Serpent

Spoken. PENDRAGON

That is certainly very reasonable, dear father-in-law.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Father-in-law?

PENDRAGON

That is to be!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Of course! Of course! What a delicate way he has of putting it!

PENDRAGON

And about the treasure—how much have you managed to lay aside for a rainy day?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Oh, a trifle of six or eight millions.

PENDRAGON

Cold cash?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Nearly all cash—a few diamonds, perhaps a thousand carats or so.

PENDRAGON

All must be returned to the rightful owners.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Impossible! They are either dead, or I've lost their names and addresses.

PENDRAGON

Ah, then you have arrived at a point in your career where it is absolutely necessary for you to reform and lead a better life.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

That means that I must retire from business and devote myself to a more peaceful cultivation of my social and political theories?

PENDRAGON

It does.

The Sea-Serpent

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

And divide a million or two among my men, so as
to enable them to marry and reform too?

PENDRAGON

Certainly.

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

And that I must settle one-half of what remains
upon my daughter, for her dowry?

PENDRAGON

That will be quite agreeable.

Recitative. PIROLA

Now all is well—

My love is here!

The mermaid's voice

No more I fear.

*(Pirates and Apprentices pair off; Ichabod, being
without a mate, makes love to the Cook, who
still has her hopes centered on Captain Tar-
tarus.)*

Spoken. CAPTAIN TARTARUS

But, hold! I had quite forgotten that it is customary upon occasions of this kind to first punish the villain.

ALL

The villain?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Yes, the villain! Where is he?

ICHABOD (*dragging him forth*)

Behold him—Butcherboy!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

What, can it be? My old and faithful right bower?
Ah, the will you have been so industriously making shall at once be admitted to probate, unless you clear yourself! Come sir, how do you plead?

BUTCHERBOY

I will not plead until I have had an opportunity to obtain legal advice.

The Sea-Serpent

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Ah, he would play the old dodge. He would get us into tedious litigation—the keenest of all tortures. That settles it! He is guilty. Away with him! To-morrow at sunrise he shall walk the gang-plank.

CHORUS

Take him away and place him in a dungeon,
At early morn the guns shall tell his doom;
Take him away—the sharks shall have a luncheon,
At early morning when the cannons boom.

Recitative. BUTCHERBOY

One last request,
For sake of old acquaintance,
In mercy grant,
'Twill help me to repentance!

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

One last request
I can't deny:
'Tis granted, that
Is my reply.

BUTCHERBOY

Instead of gang-plank, sir,
With indignation,

Democracy

Allow me to hand in
My resignation!

CHORUS

Instead of gang-plank, see,
With indignation,
He now hands in
His resignation!

COOK

Now that you are to lead better lives,
And settle down as husbands and wives,
What is to become of me, unless
You, sir, take pity on my distress?

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Nay, nay, the memory of that excellent woman—
her mother—
Will never permit me, even though I were so in-
clined, to marry another.
But I will make you just as comfortable, as though
you were my wife,
For you shall have a snug pension for the remainder
of your life.

BUTCHERBOY AND ICHABOD

A snug pension for life—
A desirable wife!

The Sea-Serpent

CAPTAIN TARTARUS

Congratulate thyself that thou art free,
For these two worthies shall draw lots for thee.

PIROLA

Now all is well;
My love is here!
The mermaid's voice
No more I fear.

Air. PIROLA.

Oh, the rapture of love
When its sorrows are past,
When its trials are o'er
And it triumphs at last.
Were it not for the pain,
Were it not for the woe,
Half its sweetness and joy
No one ever would know.
Therefore sing of the love
That will triumph at last;
It is sweeter by far
For the pain that is past.

CHORUS

Therefore sing of the love
That will triumph at last;
It is sweeter by far
For the pain that is past.

(Curtain.)

Words by
William Mill Butler
Macriale

DEMOCRACY

Music by
Platon Brounoff

Verse

Great mother of a new born race, all earth shall be thy dwelling-place, De-

-mo-cra-cy, thy ho-ly name shall set the cen-ti-nents of flame, shall thrill the Du-lants of the sea and keep thy chil-dren ev-er free; shall

Maestoso

rit. and

more-ia-3

3

ff

thrill the is-lands of the sea and keep thy children ever free,

Words by
William Mill Butler

DEMOCRACY

Music by
Leopold Bruenner

semper Great moth-er. of a new born race, all earth shall be thy abell-ing-Place; De-

cre- en do ff - mo- era- cy, thy ho- ly name shall set the con- ti- nents a flame, shall

poco rit Thrill the is- lands of the sea, and keep thy chil- dren ev- . . er free.

Words by
William Mill Butler

DEMOCRACY

Music by
Karl Busch

Solemn.

mf Great Mother of a
new born race, all earth shall be thy
dwell- ing place; De -

f - mo - cra - cy, thy ho - ly name shall set the con - ti - nents a
flame, shall

Messtoso

molto ritardando
thrill the So - lands of the Sea, and keep thy
chil - dren ev - er
free.

Words by
William Mill Butler

DEMOCRACY

Music by
Daniel Gregory Mason

ff

Great mother of a new born race,
all earth shall be thy

cresc.

place, De-moc-racy, thy name shall set the con-ti-nents a-

allarg. f *mf molto cresc.*

fame, shall thrill the is-lands of the sea,
and keep thy children ev-er free.

Words by
William Mill Butler

DEMOCRACY

Music by
Charles H. Mills

Great Mother of a new born race, all earth shall be thy dwelling place; De-

-moc-ra-cy, thy ho-ly name shall set the con-ti-nents a-flame, shall

thrill the Is-lands of the sea, and keep thy chil-dren ev-er free.

Words by
William Mill Butler

DEMOCRACY

Music by
"Mario Minello"

Great moth-er of a new born race, all earth shall be thy dwell-ing place;

Dr

mo-cra-cy, thy ho-ly name shall set the com-mon-ers a-flame, shall thrill the is-lands of the

sea — and keep thy children ever free.

Words by
William Mill Butler
With Spirit

DEMOCRACY

Music by
Edmund Severn

f Great mother of a new born race, all
earth shall be thy dwelling place, De-
moc - ra - cy, thy

Ho - ly name shall set the con - ti -
nents a - flame, shall thrill the ex - lands of the sea, and

Keep thy children ev - er free,
and keep thy chil - dren ev - er free.

Words by
William Mill Butler

DEMOCRACY

Music by
Edgar H. Sherwood

Great mother of a new born race, all
earth shall be thy dwelling place; De-moc-ra-cy, thy ho-ly name shall set the con-ti
nents a-flame shall thrill the Is-lands of the sea, and
Keep thy Chil-dren ev-er free.

ral.

Words by
William Mill Butler

DEMOCRACY

Music by
Clifford W. Wales

Moderato-Allegro.

Great Mother of a new born race..... all
earth shall be thy dwell-ing.

place; De-moc-ra-cy, thy ho-ly name shall set the con-ti-nents a-

flame, Shall thrill the is-lands of the Sea, and keep thy children ev-er free.

Words by
William Mill Butler
With Melody

DEMOCRACY

Music by
Lee B. Woodcock

Great mother of a new born race. All earth shall be thy dwelling place, De-moc-ra-
cy, thy no-ly name shall set the con-ti-nents a-flame. Shall thrill the-
is-lands of the sea. And keep thy children ev-er free.

Words by
William Mill Butler

DEMOCRACY

Musical by
Herbert W. Zahn

With Spirit

mf Great Mother of a newborn race, all earth shall be thy dwelling place; De-

rit mp

mo - ra - cy thy ho - ly name shall set the Con - ti - nents a - flame, shall

Very Broad. rit

thrill the Is - lands of the sea, and keep thy Chil - dren ev - er free

APPENDIX

One Hundred Expressions of Opinion Concerning "Democracy"

"Good stuff."—*Emerson Hough* (Author).

"Its sentiment is admirable."—*Booth Tarkington* (Novelist).

"Your poem is very good."—*Annie S. Peck* (Mountain Climber).

"The words are very fine."—*Prime Minister Lloyd George*, of England.

"Your poem, 'Democracy,' is very beautiful."—*Victor Herbert* (Composer).

"Many thanks for your fine poem."—*William S. Woods* (Editor, Literary Digest).

"Your poem, 'Democracy,' is an excellent one."—*John Philip Sousa* (Composer).

"It expresses, extremely well, high, patriotic ideals."—*Arthur Brisbane* (Editor).

"I wish you great music for your glorious poem."—*Percy Grainger* (Pianist).

"I like your hymn. It is good and inspiring."—*Boris Sidis* (Psychopathologist).

"Your 'Democracy' has the right pitch. Sing it out!"—*George W. Cable* (Novelist).

"I like your poem and wish it the greatest success."—*John Luther Long* (Author).

"Your verses are excellent and fitting to the times."—*Geraldine Farrar* (Operatic Star).

"Its spirit is good and I think it is eminently singable."—*Rossiter Johnson* (Author).

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"It is certainly a very beautiful production."—*J. E. Jeffers* (Editor, Illinois Masonic Review).

"Your hymn impresses me as remarkably inspirational."—*John Mitchell* (American Labor Leader).

"Your poem is timely and inspiring."—*Grenville Kleiser* (Author and Instructor on Public Speaking).

"I fully endorse the spirit you so splendidly express."—*Rudolph Spreckels* (Civic Reformer and Banker).

"I congratulate you on the excellence of your composition."—*F. D. Gardner* (Governor of Missouri).

"Thank you, my dear Mr. Butler, for the good letter and fine verses."—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox* (Author).

"I like the spirit of the poem."—*Anthony Fiala* (Arctic Explorer, Major, Ordnance Department, U. S. A.).

"It is a fine expression, in verse, of a great principle."—*Louis Wiley* (Manager, New York Times).

"I admire your splendid poem very much, especially the wonderful spirit of it."—*Thomas A. Wise* (Actor).

"The sentiments and patriotism of your poem are admirable."—*Louis C. Elson* (Musical Critic and Lecturer).

"I commend your effort most highly."—*A. P. Warrington* (National President, American Theosophical Society).

"This effort alone stamps William Mill Butler as a poet of a very high order."—*C. A. Daniell* (Editor, Presto).

"It gives me a thrill and makes me proud I am an American."—*W. R. George* (Founder, George Junior Republic).

"I am sure 'Democracy' will sing well, and I wish you every success with it."—*Edith Wynne Matthison* (Actress).

"The text expresses, stirringly, the feelings of a great free country."—*Prof. Daniel Gregory Mason* (Composer).

"It is worthy to be sung into the hearts of the forthcoming new world."—*Marietta Holley* ("Josiah Allen's Wife").

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"I thoroughly appreciate your national hymn. It is very inspiring—entirely fine."—*De Wolf Hopper* (Comedian).

"I have read your beautiful lines and find their message certainly timely."—*Frank Crane* (Essayist and Editor).

"The spirit of your admirable poem meets my full approval."—*David Starr Jordan* (Chancellor, Stanford University).

"Its lines truly contain richness of thought and stirring patriotic import."—*Joseph Krauskopf* (Jewish Rabbi and D.D.).

"I have read these well-expressed verses with a great deal of interest."—*J. W. Gerard* (Former Ambassador to Germany).

"You have very well expressed an essential truth of history."—*Wilfred H. Schoff* (Secretary, Philadelphia Commercial Museum).

"Your fine lyric should certainly inspire some composer."—*G. W. Chadwick* (Director, New England Conservatory of Music).

"I can truthfully say your poem typifies that which is most beautiful in life."—*John N. Willys* (Automobile Manufacturer).

"I hope that this song may meet with the success which it deserves."—*Alexander Graham Bell* (Inventor of the Telephone).

"Your poem abounds in fine idealism and breathes the true spirit of Democracy."—*P. E. Ziegler* (Editor, The Railway Clerk).

"To my mind it is the greatest and strongest hymn so far composed since the war."—*Charles J. Greller* (Editor, Pythian Star).

"We have read your hymn, 'Democracy,' with much interest and appreciation."—*Alice Paul* (Chairman, National Woman's Party).

"I felt an inspiration after reading your splendid verses."—*John Wanamaker* (Former Postmaster-General of the United States).

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"The Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, expresses satisfaction at the spirit evinced by the poem."—*Richard Crane* (Private Secretary).

"I have read it not only with interest but with a thrill of pleasure."—*S. McKee Smith* (Principal, Staten Island Public Schools).

"Set to appropriate music, it will, I am sure, make a splendid hymn."—*William R. Brooks* (Professor of Astronomy and Comet Finder).

"I have read your song entitled, 'Democracy,' with a great deal of pleasure."—*John M. Baer* (Member of Congress from North Dakota).

"It is fine and I congratulate you upon being the author of such a splendid bit of American work."—*Edgar A. Guest* (Poet and Humorist).

"Cardinal Gibbons directs me to send you his appreciation of your poem, 'Democracy'—clear, strong and true."—*Louis O'Donovan* (Secretary).

"The spirit of the verses must meet with the approval of every American citizen."—*Charles W. Eliot* (President Emeritus, Harvard College).

"Your verses on 'Democracy' are splendid, grand, and I am sure will make a great success. They are soul-stirring."—*Robert B. Mantell* (Actor).

"The spirit of your song is appropriate to the glorious accomplishments of this era."—*W. M. K. Olcott* (New York Lawyer and Former Judge).

"I have read these well-expressed verses on 'Democracy' and like them very much."—*William H. Taft* (Former President of the United States).

"Your poem is a fine piece of work and from start to finish it breathes the true spirit of its subject."—*William T. Hornaday* (Zoologist and Author).

"You express a beautiful sentiment in a truly logical way."—*Frank C. Haley, Jr.* (President, Conference of Embalming Boards of North America).

"I am in entire sympathy with the very patriotic sentiments expressed in your poem."—*Charles J. Bonaparte* (Former Attorney-General of the United States).

"It is full of patriotism, loyalty and all that goes to make a true citizen of our great republic."—*Lee S. Smith* (Grand Master, Knights Templar of the U. S.).

"Your poem is a classic. It breathes the inspiration of freedom in every line."—*John F. McNamee* (Editor, Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine).

"I have taken great interest in your ease at expressing the greatest cause and greatest emotion of our day."—*Talcott Williams* (Dean Columbia School of Journalism).

"The sentiment is right; the poetry is good; the rhythm lends itself to stately music. I congratulate you."—*Thomas E. Green* (Lecturer, Author and Red Cross Worker).

"I commend highly your poem on 'Democracy.' The words are, indeed, clear, strong and true."—*John J. Brown* (Past Supreme Chancellor, Order of Knights of Pythias).

"Your song has a cosmic, majestic sweep, befitting embattled Democracy at last triumphant."—*Richmond Pearson Hobson* (Hero of the Merrimac, and Member of Congress).

"Read and re-read in the quiet of my study, it seems even more notably good than when I first heard it read."—*M. Luther Stimson* (Former Baptist Foreign Missionary).

"The sentiment is expressed with wonderful strength, and I have no doubt but the poem will attract nationwide attention."—*Clark Howell* (Editor, Atlanta Constitution).

"You certainly have expressed briefly the American ideal, and with good music it should have a soul-penetrating effect."—*Misha Applebaum* (Founder, Humanitarian Cult).

"I thank you for sending me a copy of your poem, 'Democracy,' and I think it breathes forth the very spirit of the day."—*Edward Bok* (Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal).

"The sentiments expressed in your hymn are excellent. To these wishes we must all say 'Amen.'"—*Alice Stone Blackwell* (Author, Journalist and Worker for Woman Suffrage).

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"The spirit in which you have written is, indeed, that which we need keep before us today."—*Emma Bailey Speer* (President, National Board, Young Women's Christian Association).

"A splendid expression of the spirit which is now coming to its own among the nations of the earth."—*Owen C. Brown* (Editor, American Baptist Publication Society's Adult Publications).

"I am much interested in your hymn, 'Democracy.' I cannot see how it can be improved. You have certainly struck a high note."—*Joe Mitchell Chapple* (Editor, National Magazine).

"With its new fifth verse, your hymn should have a great peal of bells or a grand clash of a mighty organ for its obligato."—*Appleton Morgan* (President, New York Shakespeare Society).

"It is a very touching poem, and causes us to reflect and study deeply our institution, the United States, and all that it means to the world."—*G. W. Gehran* (Wisconsin Journal of Education).

"Your poem, 'Democracy,' is quite interesting and I trust you will meet with every success in its publication."—*C. M. Schwab* (Director General U. S. Shipping Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation).

"The sentiment expressed in the verses is very fine and inspiring. I am happy to think it is the sentiment of our great nation."—*John Spargo* (Chairman, Social Democratic League of America).

"We very much wish we might have the privilege of publishing your inspiring poem in the Union Signal."—*Frances E. Parks* (Corresponding Secretary, National Woman's Christian Temperance Union).

"I consider your verses well suited to the times when we are all fighting and working for the great democracy of the world."—*Mrs. Lois K. Knauff* (President, National Woman's Relief Corps, G. A. R.).

"The President of the Republic requests me to extend to you his appreciation of your beautiful song in honor of Democracy, which you have sent him."—*The General Civil Secretary of the Republic of France*.

"You are very kind to send me your spirited verses on 'Democracy.' The doctrine in them is certainly sound and true."—*Henry Van Dyke* (Author and Poet, Former U. S. Minister to the Netherlands).

"I can hardly tell you how much I appreciate and admire your poem, 'Democracy.' It seems to come from your heart and it goes to mine."—*Alfred T. Story* (Author of "Songs of a New Age," London, England).

"Your song has all the necessary attributes of an American hymn. The spirit of the song is good, as well as the verse and selection of words."—*Champ Clark* (Speaker of the House of Representatives).

"The spirit of your song is the spirit of the time, the spirit that moves upon the face of the waters, toward that haven where freedom shall mean justice and justice freedom."—*Amelie Troubetzkoy* (Novelist).

"I read your beautiful poem and thank you for mailing me a copy. It is fitting, indeed, to usher in the new epoch of world democracy with appropriate words and melody."—*Eugene Zimmerman* (Cartoonist).

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of a copy of your poem, 'Democracy.' It is a very beautiful poem and the sentiment expressed therein has the right ring to it."—*Josephus Daniels* (Secretary of the Navy).

"I certainly hope that you will publish these verses which seem to me to be strong and free in their spirit and broad in their horizon."—*Lyman Abbott* (Editor of *The Outlook*, and Author of Many Books).

"I don't see how the spirit of that song could fail to meet the approval of anyone who appreciates the value of democracy—still less of one who has tasted its blessings."—*W. Bourke Cockran* (Orator, Former Congressman).

"The Secretary of War directs me to express his appreciation both of the poem and of the sentiment which led you to send it for his approval."—*Stanley King* (Private Secretary to Hon. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War).

"Your two opening stanzas are very good. They sweep big horizons and stir the spirit of forward-look-

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ing men. I am glad you sent me the hymn. I want to hear the music, some day."—*Edwin Markham* (Author of "The Man with the Hoe").

"Permit me to thank you for giving me the opportunity of reading your beautiful hymn, 'Democracy.' It rings true throughout with a spirit of human freedom."—*W. B. Wilson* (Member of the President's Cabinet, Secretary of Labor).

"Your great poem, 'Democracy,' strikes the keynote of a new life—it strikes the keynote of the new order. It has a power that seems to me to fairly resound through starry spaces. I am deeply impressed with its inspiring significance."—*Lilian Whiting* (Author).

"I hardly think that I can make a suggestion which would improve your verses on 'Democracy.' They are stirring, and certainly your theme is that of the present need. Success to your song."—*Ida M. Tarbell* (Author of "Life of Lincoln," and other works).

"If the still small voice of conscience satisfies you that you have sung the best that is in you for democracy, no words of mine can possibly add to the satisfaction you must feel in having achieved so noble a task."—*Frank H. Vizetelly* (Lexicographer, Editor and Author).

"I thank you for sending me your remarkable poem, 'Democracy.' I believe it will be an inspiration to every man whose soul is attuned to the purpose of God as revealed in this world conflict. I would like to see it have the widest possible publicity."—*Charles A. Eaton* (Clergyman, Editor and Author).

"I am directed by the Minister to acknowledge the copy of your hymn on 'Democracy' and to thank you for it. The Minister is very much interested in your verses and directs me to say that he thinks they reflect faithfully the spirit of the times."—*Alexander Cruger* (Clerk of the U. S. Legation in France).

"It is with much pleasure that I have read your verses on 'Democracy.' I think you have struck the right note and that your song will prove a popular one. I agree with my friend, Edwin Markham, your words 'sweep

big horizons.'"—*Dan Beard* (Artist, Explorer and Originator of the First Boy Scout Society in the World).

"Your poem, 'Democracy,' which I have just had the pleasure of reading, is a welcome addition to our patriotic literature. If set to music it should be effective as a war song. It is comprehensive enough in its terms and sentiments to be sung everywhere."—*J. Hampton Moore* (Member of Congress from Philadelphia, Pa.).

"I have read your national hymn, 'Democracy,' with much pleasure. It seems to me a very admirable expression of the spirit of democracy. I hope it will be sung from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the spirit of the song exemplified by all our people."—*Francis E. Clark* (Founder, United Society of Christian Endeavor).

"I congratulate you on the comprehensive way in which you have gathered together the ideals for which we are fighting. With suitable music I am sure 'Democracy' will be sung with enthusiasm by every one who realizes the unity of the human race."—*Arthur Henderson* (Member of Parliament and Secretary of the British Labor Party).

Author of "Perfect Day" Wins in Contest to Furnish Music for "Democracy"

*(New York Special published by daily and musical
journals)*

New York, December 10, 1918.—Carrie Jacobs Bond, composer of the "Perfect Day" and many other songs, scored another triumph today when she was unanimously declared the winner in a contest to supply a musical setting for William Mill Butler's poem, "Democracy," which has been warmly praised by many prominent people, including President Poincare, of France; Premier Lloyd George, of England Former President Taft; four

members of President Wilson's cabinet; Speaker Champ Clark, Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Edwin Markham, Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society; Rabbi Krauskopf, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, W. Bourke Cockran, Amelie Rives Troubetskoy, Geraldine Farrar, Booth Tarkington, Richmond P. Hobson, and hundreds of others. It has been printed in thousands of daily, weekly and monthly publications, and is hailed as a new national anthem of world-wide significance which reflects faithfully the spirit of the time. A dozen American composers vied with each other to supply appropriate music for it, and Sigmund Spaeth, a well-known New York musical editor and director of community singing, as chairman of the committee, announced today that all the compositions which were submitted, without the names of the composers being known, were of unusual merit and the choice was a difficult one to make.

However, Mrs. Bond's version was placed first and that of Dr. Lee B. Woodcock, Scranton, Pa., was a close second. Among the contestants were a Russian operatic composer, and two professors of music in American universities.

\$1,000 Prize Offer to Composers

Is it possible to exceed in beauty, strength and originality the eleven musical settings of "Democracy," eleven of which are given in this appendix? The twelfth version, by Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond, has been published and thousands of copies have already been enjoyed by the public. The question now is whether the best has been accomplished or whether some rare genius of the people—some Rouget de l'Isle—can be found to give us a truly immortal performance.

An invitation is extended to the composers of the whole world. All compositions received on or before July 4, 1921, will be judged by an impartial jury, who

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will not know the names of any of the contestants. The right to reject any and all settings is reserved. For the composition found entirely satisfactory, and the best, in the opinion of the judges, \$1,000 in gold will be paid. Address,

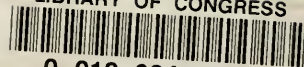
WILLIAM MILL BUTLER,
Beachwood, New Jersey.

THE FIFTH VERSE

The fifth verse of "Democracy," as originally written and as sung during the World War, read as follows:

To-day the climax of the fight;
A world embattled for the right,
We brave the tyrant's frenzied hour,
Till shattered thus shall be his power
And all the world made safe for thee—
Hail, glorious Democracy!

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